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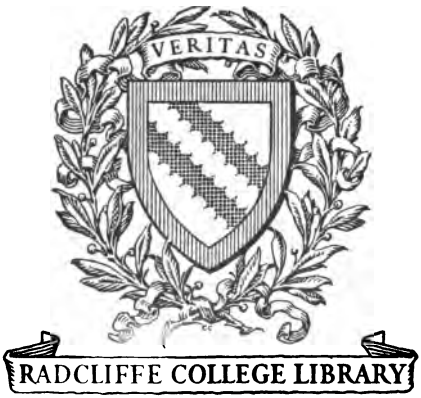

WOMAN'S ARCHIVES

Gift of

Mrs. Carol Fulkerson

Lydia Sisson
8th mot 18

Lydia Sisson

Alice M. Sisson
1888

MEMOIRS

OF

CATHARINE SEELY,

AND

DEBORAH S. ROBERTS;

LATE OF

DARIEN, CONNECTICUT.

The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart; and saveth such as be of a contrite spirit.

Many are the afflictions of the righteous; but the Lord delivereth him out of them all.—*Psalms, chapter* 34—*verse* 18, 19.

NEW-YORK:
PUBLISHED BY DANIEL GODWIN:

1844.

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JOS. A. FRAETAS, PRINTER,
7 Spruce-street.

PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION.

In looking over the private papers of the late Catharine Seely, whose painful pilgrimage terminated 10th Month, 27th, 1838, her friends believed that a small volume might be selected from them which would be interesting to the serious reader, and to the afflicted generally, but peculiarly so to those who are lingering, as she did, year after year upon beds of pain and sorrow, with that most afflicting malady—a diseased spine.

Her numerous letters, and a diary, commenced in her juvenile years, and continued to the last months of her life, afford ample materials for a large work; yet as brevity seems preferable, in many respects, to a repetition of the best sentiments, or of the continual changes incident to the complicated diseases under which she was a daily and hourly sufferer for nearly twenty years, but a very small portion has been selected for publication.

The disadvantages under which the greater part of it was written—a recumbent posture, in a darkened room, with a trembling hand and throbbing brain, rendered errors inevitable, some of which have been corrected, where it could be done without affecting the meaning in the least degree; while they have been mostly overlooked for the sake of giving her sentiments in her own words. As she "fought the good fight and kept the faith," we doubt not but that she has received "a crown of glory;" therefore these memorials are no longer any thing to her, and the hope that they may prove a blessing to survivors, by inciting others to follow her as she endeavored to follow Christ, is the only reason why an attempt is made to lay them before the public.

While perusing the following pages, if the reader will bear in mind, that, (as an intimate friend of hers has written concerning her,) "she was subject to many privations from early life in consequence of ill health, and was confined to her bed for the last fourteen years, during which she was a considerable part of the time in extreme suffering," he can scarcely fail of being deeply impressed by the spirit of humble piety, of fervent devotion, and of patient resignation to the will of her Heavenly Father, which pervades her writings. May the impression prove abiding and salutary! The same friend also observes that, "her patience was admirable, and when able to see company, she was remarkable for her pleasant and instructive conversation, which induced many to visit her."

Several circumstances have combined to delay the publication of her writings, of which the difficulty of getting a manuscript prepared for the press has not been one of the least; and it is only from a conviction that they will not otherwise be presented to the public, that the compiler of the following pages has been induced to undertake the arduous, though in some respects, pleasing task of revising and arranging them.

1843.

PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION.

The demand for the first edition of this little work so far exceeded the supply, that it is deemed expedient to republish it. And in compliance with the earnest request, not only of the friends of Catharine Seely, but of strangers, whose sole knowledge of her, has been gathered from this Memoir, the compiler has been induced to add many incidents of her life, and particularly of her sickness, which were omitted in the former edition, either because the materials were not furnished—for the sake of brevity, or other considerations; and also an Appendix, containing a brief notice of Deborah S. Roberts, with extracts from her writings.

The sister of D. S. R. who had charge of her private papers, felt no little hesitation with regard to publishing them, arising in part from a belief that they were not designed for the eye of the public; yet has yielded to the judgment of those, who not only think

they are worthy of publication, and calculated to be useful to others, but wish to see these memorials of the deceased cousins comprised in the same volume, that their memories may continue to be cherished together.

Second Month, 1844.

MEMOIR OF CATHARINE SEELY.

CATHARINE, daughter of Wyx and Catharine Seely, was born in Darien, Fairfield County, Connecticut, 6th Month, 2nd, 1799. As a tendency to scrofula was early manifested, her constitution was extremely delicate, and her health variable, from her infancy. She was naturally of a lively, amiable and affectionate disposition; combined with much energy and decision of character, which, in after life, contributed not a little towards enabling her to surmount many of the difficulties, trials, and discouragements by which she was surrounded. In her manners, she was diffident and retiring. While writing upon the subject, a few years before her decease, she remarked,— "I possessed a gay and active disposition, which was often restrained by diffidence, with which I suffered much during childhood and youth, though it probably preserved me from committing offences which my volatile disposition might otherwise have led me into."

Although subject to frequent serious attacks of illness—

> "Her spring, like other springs, was gay,
> And roses bloom'd around."

And while enjoying the society and friendship of her youthful associates, or admiring the beauties of nature, amid the continually varying scenes of which she was delighted to be able to ramble, her pleasures were often of as pure a nature as earth can afford.

In her twelfth year she met with a severe trial in the death of her brother, Sands Seely, who died in New-York, 12th Month, 1811, aged 23 years. He gave satisfactory evidence of his own preparation for the event, and exhorted others to "prepare while in health and strength for such a solemn scene—a painful, dying bed." In speaking of this bereavement, she says—"My mind was naturally meditative and enquiring, but not pious, I think, at as early an age as some are. I do not remember any abiding seriousness until the death of my dear brother. He was very fond of scientific engagements; and being qualified for teaching at an early age, he followed it principally when his health would permit. I am self-condemned for having neglected the improvement I might have attained under his tuition, and by his example of dignity, sobriety and piety. His death made me sensible of my own hourly danger of being taken out of life. I reflected that it would have been as easy for the Almighty to have taken me as him, and resolved that I would try to be in readi-

ness for such a call. Although these solemn impressions too soon wore off, I think they never did entirely, nor was the above resolution laid aside."

Of the tender care and solicitude of her parents for her present and eternal welfare, she made the following remarks—"From my own experience, I can say that unnumbered precepts which may long appear to be lost, are like bread cast upon the waters, found after many days." "My mind was often occupied with serious reflections and enquiries respecting immortality and futurity. I seldom asked, but watched the conversation of others for information on these subjects. My parents implanted a reverential fear of offending the Creator and Preserver of my life, which I think I may say, in a great measure regulated my course in childhood, even before the true love of God warmed my heart, which became more and more susceptible of the secret influences of the Holy Spirit, and intent in the search after a knowledge of the divine nature and favor. My dear mother's first explanations and precepts are still familiar to my recollections. She told me that good people were rewarded with peace and everlasting life, but the wicked were punished and unhappy forever. It was a great wonder to my infant mind what would become of us if we were sometimes good, and at others did wickedly. Listening, one day, to the conversation of my father and another person, I heard them say that we could not serve two masters, God and Mammon, but should be rewarded according to our deeds, which decided it in my own mind that

I should surely be owned by one or the other; and I very much wished to serve God, and felt great care not to offend him, that I might live with him after death."

Her mother's health had been gradually declining for some years, though not confined to her bed, until within a few hours of her decease. Catharine writes—"On the morning of the 4th of 7th Month, 1813, she quietly and almost inperceptibly ceased to breathe, and her liberated spirit seemed to pass away under the overshadowing of celestial brightness. It was a sudden shock to us all; and when I bade a last farewell to my dear mother, I bade farewell, as I then thought, to all earthly comforts also; for I neither expected nor desired other enjoyments, or to live for anything but to soothe my dear bereaved father. She often manifested great care and anxiety respecting my health and future situation, and I am thankful that she knew not what suffering and perils were before me. In three months after my mother's death, my sister P. was married, which was an additional trial, being then left without any sister at home, and but one brother, who also left home a few months after. I was then very lonely; but wise and mercifully indulgent is our precious Caretaker; he mingles many unforeseen blessings with painful privations, and while we wonder, we cannot but adore the hand that so richly blends joy with grief. He prepared my father to be both parent and companion, and the void of mother, brother, and sisters, was admirably supplied by his kindness."

In the spring of 1814, she was seriously affected with scrofula, and thought to be in a decline. Respecting this illness, she says—"The deep impressions caused by my mother's death left my mind tender, and kept it open to conviction, and my illness served to awaken it afresh, and to show me that I stood on a dangerous precipice from which I might be instantly plunged into the fathomless pit, from whence there is no returning—no redemption. Many times I thought my life would be very short, and one night in particular, while suffering under a severe attack of scrofula in my throat, I did not expect to live to see the morning. My friends knew not the distress of my body or mind, for I was very anxious for the welfare of my soul, and overwhelmed with sorrow. I then conversed with my father on the subject for the first time, which afforded satisfaction, (not having opened my mind to any one,) and prayed to my Heavenly Father for relief, which he was mercifully pleased to grant me. Oh, how many changes and diffierent frames of mind there are, only known to Him who seeth the secret of the heart! I often fear I am very wicked for remaining so long in stupidity, and not listening to the inward voice which is continually calling and soliciting me to flee from the wrath to come, and not delay until to-morrow; but that was my theme, to-morrow I will be more serious, for I considered myself indeed very rude. It was long the resolution of every morning to spend the day differently, but the resolutions of feeble nature were weak and soon broken, and I knew not how to set

about a reformation. The exercise of my mind at times was great, and I would think I could not again be so careless, yet I soon fell into the same dangerous state. This showed me that my weak resolutions were nothing without the immediate aid of the blessed Jesus by his regenerating grace to enable me to fix my faith and whole dependence on him. These seasons of mental conflict became more frequent and effectual, but still I seemed very stupid and undutiful, and I thought I could not look for any change of heart, or peace of mind while so unworthy, and so negligent of his call, which was—"Seek thy Creator in the days of thy youth, when thou art the most acceptable."

"Near the last of autumn, 1815, being unusually ill and confined to my bed for several days, my mind was wrought upon as usual, except that I felt more hardness of heart and unbelief, and my faith was not sufficient to look to Him who alone could strengthen me. I was very anxious to be restored to health that I might enjoy the comforts and sweet indulgencies of life with other people; this I had never felt before, and I well knew then that it was not right. I had felt contented and resigned from the first of my illness, (more so than I could have expected,) and in a measure was thankful to endure illness, believing it designed for good and wise purposes. After a week or two I so far recovered as to ride a few miles to my sister E. R's., where I spent some days—took a heavy cold and returned home very ill. My friends thought this would probably prove a fatal sickness, but I was greatly relieved by medicine, for

which I was truly thankful. My mind became tranquil and entirely resigned to the Divine will. I was humbled with a full view of myself, and often wondered that I should be so changed from hardness of heart, to such tenderness, composure, and engagedness, while so undeserving. One day as I lay down, as usual, to rest, (which time I always endeavor to employ in thankfulness and supplication,) I had remarkable freedom and satisfaction in prayer and thanksgiving; and it appeared as if the veil that had formerly been between me and the Saviour was withdrawn, and all pertaining to immortality laid open to my view. I enjoyed such happiness as no pen can portray, no tongue can tell, nor heart conceive, except in a similar situation. Still I had great fears that my wicked heart was deceiving me—that it could not be possible so sinful a creature as I, could really have such complete bliss, and feared it was imagination and delusion; but ere long I was convinced beyond a doubt that it was the power of God which touched my heart; and nothing short of his Gracious Love which was extended even to so frail a worm as I. My heart was melted, and I wept much, which was noticed, and enquiry made whether I was more unwell, to which I replied in the negative, but had not freedom to express my feelings to any one. I felt unbounded love, solicitude and sympathy, for all my fellow pilgrims, prayed fervently, and entreated for them as for myself at the Throne of Grace, for all seemed near as brothers and sisters, and

I loved them with tender affection. After remaining some time in retirement, I took the bible, and on opening it, the first chapter that met my eye was the 14th of Job. I could see comfort in every verse, and was so affected that I could read but little more than one chapter. I then returned to my bed where I think I can truly say I enjoyed the sweet consolation of my God and Saviour. I remained for some time in a sweet frame of mind, took more delight than ever before in reading the Scriptures, and if I should now fall back, after repeated warnings, and regard them not, I should be wicked indeed. Oh, Great God! forbid that this should be the case; look down with compassion upon me, and pardon my daily transgressions, provocations and backslidings. Be pleased to forgive my sins, to subdue my stubborn heart, and to enable me to resist temptation and to do thy will in every thing.

January 14th, 1816.

Sixteen years and seven months of my short life are past, never more to be recalled. It is a year and a half since I have enjoyed the sweet blessing of health, but I humbly trust the privation may prove, as I believe it is intended, a means of advancing my eternal welfare. When I consider how ignorant I was of the blessed Jesus, when he began, as I hope, a good work in me, I beg that he will still continue to instruct me, as he has already done to my great astonishment. May he be pleased to pardon me for rejecting his holy calls so long, and awaken in me a lively sense of his gracious goodness, and of my own insufficiency. He has

been my only instructor, for no one knew the situation of my mind, though I often wished that I could feel freedom to open it to some dear pious friends who could teach me from their own experience; but I cannot, I dare not; I am alone, though surrounded by those who are aiming at the same port with myself; yet this precious Comforter is more than all the world to instruct me.

March 31st, 1816.

Again, merciful God, thou hast seen meet that I should spend this day without assembling with others at the place of public worship, but thy matchless love is not confined to places or persons, and may it extend even unto me, and teach me to worship, and reverence thee in sincerity of heart; cleansing and purifying me for thy work. Oh, great and omnipresent Helper, be thou my help, my strength, my all; lead me with faith and hope through the valley of humiliation to the pleasant fields which lie beyond it. For what do we live, but to prepare for, and to become worthy to obtain this glorious prize? Oh, that I, and all the human family may be found worthy to inherit the great estate of eternal happiness.

April 17th.

Returned from Dr. R's, after spending a few days at his dwelling. I am now under his medical direction, and earnestly hope it may be attended with the blessing of returning health, if consistent with my Heavenly Father's will, and not otherwise. I think

I can say from my heart that I am contented with whatever he may see meet to appoint for me; only this do I ask, the light of his countenance to direct and instruct me in the way of righteousness: that I may bear up under his chastening rod with christian fortitude; and in all situations of life that I may honor and obey him, and not be the means of bringing reproach upon his holy cause.

19th. I know not that I shall be spared to see another year, month, or even a day; how strange that I can be so careless with regard to my eternal welfare! To what can I impute it? I cannot say it is because I am ignorant of my dangerous state, or have not had warnings. "No man can redeem his brother, or give to God a ransom for his soul;" oh, then, may the quickening spirit of the Lord arouse and warm the cold and stupid, the world over.

May 15th.

Oh, that my mind may be kept chaste and absent from the world while my body is present in it. I now and then steal a few moments of retirement, unobserved by any, having much on my mind to write, but before I can get my thoughts collected from the business of the world, and perhaps before I have penned one sentence, I am obliged to leave it, which causes it to appear, as it really is, written with an unsettled mind. More care would be taken if I were writing for the perusal of others, but that is not my intention it is but the simple feelings of my heart, very imperfectly set down for my own improvement.

5th Month, 16th, 1816.

Towards evening, I walked out with some of my young friends to enjoy the sweet pleasure of viewing the meadows clothed in green verdure, and the swelling buds of the trees. Oh, how instructive the works of nature in the bloom of spring, when all bespeaks praise to the great Creator of Heaven and earth, Youth is the time to prepare for death; we know not that we shall arrive at old age, and if we do, as youth is the most vigorous season, so it is the most acceptable time to serve the Lord. He will then be our friend and protector through time and eternity. We cannot serve him too long nor too well.

6th Month, 26th.

My dear Master has again been pleased to draw me by the cords of his love, in causing me to feel his chastening hand. It is said "whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth." Many times have I been led to say, it is a trial, but it is also a pleasure that I can suffer for Jesus' sake.

7th Month, 2nd.

What great reason have I to be thankful for innumerable blessings! My health is much better of late, and Dr. R. gives me great encouragement. I rejoice at the thought of enjoying health, and tremble with the fear of its leading me into temptation. Oh, Lord, forbid this; be pleased to watch over, and give me strength and understanding rightly to perform every duty, and to glorify thy holy cause. I entreat thee to

watch continually over such a worthless worm as I and guard me from the infection of worldly company, of which I am greatly afraid, knowing my weakness to be great in this respect, as well as in all other things. Without thy constant care I shall soon be lost, or gone astray from thy fold.

8th Month, 5th.

Surely all who have endeavored to refrain from vanity, and lay hold on eternal life, will join me in saying that all this world's rich treasures and pleasures are but trifles, and mere vanity compared to the riches and joys of Heaven, the love and favor of the adorable God.

12th. I am about to leave home to spend a few weeks with my relations, in a gay airy place. I go in fear of being drawn into pride and vanity, or of being influenced by volatile company. Oh, may I be kept in humble submission, and let me not in the least degree be engrossed by the things of the world, but be enabled through divine mercy to be faithful, and live to the glory and honor of my Heavenly Father.

Assist a feeble worm, oh, Lord, in true love to thee, to endeavor to promote thy glorious cause, and to honor thy holy name before a profane and thoughtless world. It is said if we ask we shall receive, and how can we expect to receive unless we ask? It is indeed astonishing that we are indulged with so many daily blessings when we ask not, and are even ungrateful for them; but is not the indulgence often a snare to the

unthankful? Are they not permitted to remain at ease that they may wax fat and their hearts be hardened in sin and transgression?

"All earthly joys are ever weighed
With mountains of vexatious care!
And where's the sweet that is not laid
A bait to some destructive snare?"

9th Month, 4th.

Returned home yesterday to the residence of my beloved father. Why is one so unworthy indulged with such great privileges, while many are deprived of parents, friends and property, even to the necessaries of life. May the gospel trumpet—the word of life, be sounded in the ear of every sinner! Thou, oh, Lord, hast begun a good work in this land, quicken all by thy Holy Spirit and dispel the darkness of the night—permit none to remain drowsy, stupid, deaf, or blind, but bring all to know Thee from the least to the greatest, to the ends of the earth. Greatly does my spirit pant for the promotion of the truth. Oh, that I were a fit subject in the hand of the Most High to be in the least degree useful in promoting his great and glorious cause.

19th. Never before have I felt so anxiously interested for sinners. Oh, may the love and purifying blood of the Redeemer be shed abroad, and leave none to eternal misery; but may all through the gospel dispensation be brought out of darkness into marvellous light. I have just returned from a satisfactory meeting where

my mind was stayed upon that foundation which faileth not by the force of tempests, nor wavereth in boisterous winds, I am sometimes ready to exclaim—It is an additional sin to attend meetings and permit the mind to wander as though floating on the ocean: at other times the light of the gospel appears to prevail, and I am enabled to praise God with my whole heart who grants me health and strength to bear the fatigue of riding, a short distance, and sitting in meeting; a privilege of which I am often deprived through ill health. Oh, that the shedding abroad of His powerful light and love in these meetings may be renewedly extended to my naturally depraved heart; and may I in fervent and renewed zeal glorify and praise God's holy name for the sweet counsel I have taken with him, not only in the house assigned for public worship, but in retirement, and even while employed in domestic concerns. Never before have I spent a season so pleasantly as this; never before could I discern such majestic beauty in the face of nature which shews forth the glory of the Creator, and demands reverence to his Holy name. A beautiful lustre overspreads the earth, to which I lived too long a stranger. I feel a tender love and sympathy for the whole human family, who are as the sands on the sea shore for multitude; yet I trust through the love of Jesus I love them all, and earnestly entreat the Lord to pour out his blessings upon them, that they may have an inheritance in His kingdom. But, oh, the depravity of human nature! "This

is the condemnation that light has come into the world, but men love darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil."

8th Month.

Oh, with what lamentation and astonishment would the choice of this world be viewed by those who are in the full possession of its pleasures and treasures, without an interest in another, were it possible for them to enjoy for one hour the inexpressible joys of the heirs of heaven! Then would this world be nothing in their sight, but they would give millions of worlds, were they in their possession, for an interest in Christ—for a seat in His Heavenly kingdom. Is it possible we can decline doing a little for ourselves, when Jesus has done so much for us, even laid down his life for our souls? I truly desire that the eyes of all may be opened to see the depravity of their hearts, and be influenced by the Holy Spirit to lay hold on life eternal; may they place their faith on the Rock of Ages, which will be steadfast through time and eternity. Although so much of my time is unprofitably spent, I do indeed regret the mispent time of others; and entreat thee, oh, Lord, to take away the filthiness of this heart, laden with guilt and shame; search the inmost recesses of it, cleanse and purify it, and implant therein the seed of righteousness; permit them to be nourished and watered from the springs of Life, that much fruit may be brought forth to thy glory; and may the remnant of my days, the little time that is allotted me on earth, be entirely dedicated to thee.

10th Month, 3rd.

I this day attended meeting with much satisfaction, though not favored with such sweet communion with the precious friend of sinners as my soul desired. I was plainly told the cause by a minister present; every word seemed peculiarly adapted to my case, and I truly felt self-condemned. The subject was the necessity of having our minds rightly prepared before sitting down in our meetings, that they may then be settled in calm serenity, and centred on the true object of worship. Then will the soul receive strength through the sweet communion God will grant it to enjoy with him; the spiritual communion of bread and wine which alone can refresh the soul. But if we go careless and allow our minds to be engrossed with the trifling vanities of this deceitful world, we cannot expect this rich reward.

24th. Some of my cousins accompanied me to Friends Meeting in the morning, where I thought this saying of Christ was verified, "where two or three are gathered together in my name there am I in the midst of them." I know not how it was with others, but I could rejoice and give thanks to God for permitting me to enjoy so much of his holy presence. In the afternoon I went with them to Presbyterian Meeting, which was likewise a pleasant season. The minister appeared to be solicitous for the salvation of souls, and entreated all to enlist on the Lord's side. May I be of that number, and serve him faithfully.

Catharine Seely became a member of the religious

society of Friends by her own request in the 19th year of her age. The following extracts from her memoranda will shew the state of her mind at that period.

11th Month, 6th, 1817.

"I have at length decided upon requesting to become a member of the society of Friends. A consideration of my unworthiness, has, I think, prevented me from attempting any thing of this kind, for more than two years; though, at times, it has been so strongly impressed upon my mind as to cause me to think it would be my duty to attend to it immediately. I felt a fear of being too hasty and of professing more than I possessed; and thought my deficiencies so great that if I mentioned it to Friends I feared they would think it improper. But in this I found myself mistaken, for some with whom I have conversed, encourage me to go forward, if I think it my duty—not otherwise. The encouragement I likewise received from my affectionate parent gave me reason to believe that he saw no inconsistency in my conduct, but he never urged or advised me, only to do as I thought best. And now I trust I have gone forward in the solemn duty of offering myself to the church in the love and fear of the Lord. Oh may I through the influence ot his divine power lead a serious, consistent life, that I may be acceptable in His sight, and honor and adorn my profession.

23d. I this day received a visit from the committee appointed by Purchase Monthly Meeting to confer with

me respecting my request to be received into membership. It was a solemn interview; and one friend remarked—'To be obedient is better than sacrifice, and to hearken to the voice of the Lord than the fat of rams.' This was the more impressive as it had previously been repeated to me after the close of a meeting in which I experienced a deep sense of the Lord's presence. Every word of the preaching was so well adapted to my case, that, had I not known it was impossible, I should have thought some outward information of the state of my mind must have been communicated; but I knew that my exercises were only known to God—the waverings of my mind, and the deceitfulness of my heart, to Him alone.

12th Month, 28th.

Received a visit from the committee appointed to inform me of my reception into membership; which was done by dear E. Griffen in a solemn manner. May I never forget her seasonable and weighty admonitions and encouragement.

Surely praises ought to abound, and my heart melt with gratitude towards my heavenly Benefactor for protecting me from the vanities and snares of this sinful world, and not permitting me to attend what some call innocent, but what I consider sinful recreations.—Many of my acquaintance, and some out of our own family, are this night engaged in the ball-room, while I spend it mostly in retirement. I pity them, and my heart is turned to God in prayer on their behalf. They call this innocent amusement; but would they be wil-

ling to spend their last moments in a ball-room?—Oh, that God would open the eyes of their understanding, and set their sins in order before them, that they may be aroused, and lay hold on eternal life while it is to be obtained. The Lord hath said—'My spirit shall not always strive with man.'"

"After a short life of works, we shall enter into an endless one of rewards; and happy will it be for us if when we arrive at the judgment bar of God, we shall be found worthy of receiving this answer—'well done good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.' But on the contrary how awful will it be if no time has been reserved to serve the Lord, but all surrendered to the service of Satan!"

1st Month, 8th, 1818.

"I attended Purchase Monthly Meeting for the first time, and heard my admission into membership read, with the records of the church, which I believe to be a church of Christ. Although many have departed from the true and living faith which they profess, and have thereby brought reproach upon the Society, yet there is a seed which is pure, and the principle remains to be the same sound unchangeable principle that it was when first founded upon the Rock of Ages—Christ Jesus.

My mind was not filled with so great a degree of sweet enjoyment as has sometimes been my happy lot, yet it was humbled under a sense of my unworthiness to enjoy those privileges I had then commenced partaking. Methought my duties were now increased, and,

if possible, my weakness and inability also for the performance of them. My duty is increased in two respects; First—I have joined myself to a Society with whom I have expressed full unity, therefore my future conduct must correspond, or I shall bring reproach upon the cause. Secondly—I now profess to be on the Lord's side, who has said 'He that is not for me is against me; and he that gathereth not with me, scattereth abroad.'—Who that is not a member of his spiritual, would wish to be a member of his outward Church? and who indeed can be a true member of the outward, unless he be a member of the spiritual? More is expected of me now by the world, than before; which expectation I most earnestly desire that God will grant me strength to answer.

Extract from a letter to one of her young friends, dated—

2nd Month, 15th, 1818.

ESTEEMED FRIEND:

I will now attempt to break through the cloud of silence which has so long prevailed, by this communication; and though I feel inadequate to the task, yet I trust it will be acceptable, and I hope accounted worthy of an answer. May this through the blessing of God be permitted to find you all in good health; mine continues much the same as when thou wast here, I don't know that it is any better. And there have been several deaths in the place since, which ought to be solemn and impressive warnings to the surviving inhabitants, but alas, do we improve—do we profit by

them? I fear we do not. Oh, how natural the propensity to love ease and to procrastinate. Thy grandfather's decease was unexpected news. Oh, my friend, may we be also ready that when the solemn messenger is sent unto us we can obey his summons without reluctance. This is the great business of life to be prepared for an immortal existence; and for this purpose were we placed here as pilgrims upon the earth. Under these considerations how astonishing it is that our minds should be so easily engrossed, and so deeply interested in the vain enjoyments and transitory treasures of the world! May we, dear S., as we have professed to be the friends of Jesus, prove it by our daily walk and conversation; we cannot be too circumspect, but herein I feel my deficiencies to be great, and my strength small.

In haste, I must bid thee an affectionate farewell,

C. SEELY.

26th. How highly ought we to prize the blessings of the Gospel, or they will certainly contribute to our eternal condemnation at the great and awful day of judgment. Ah, why are not those privileges for which we are so ungrateful taken from us and given to the heathen of distant India, and to the uncivilized race of our own country! I earnestly desire, oh thou Omnipotent God, that thou wilt grant thy richest blessing to rest upon the means used for their instruction in the knowledge of the Gospel.

4th Month, 3rd.

Oh, sweet retirement!—thou art my joyful companion; thou art the channel through which comfort is conveyed to my soul from the true fountain, Christ Jesus. I have enjoyed a good portion of this retirement to-day; even while busily employed in domestic concerns my soul exclaimed within me, let others do as they may, as for me and my house we will serve the Lord. The name of a christian implies a great attainment—greater than my feelings will allow me to claim; yet I cannot consider myself an entire stranger to God, for I do feel an interest in glorifying his name, which I once felt not—a love for him and his children (those who bear the mark of the lamb in their foreheads) which I once knew not; in truth, I now see a beauty in holiness which once I could not discern through the thick vale of nature. In this knowledge, and love of Christ, I enjoy more real happiness than in all the world beside; but instead of exalting me, I am more and more humbled as I live in the exercise of it. The enjoyments granted to me by my Heavenly Father are temperate; He seasons my joy with sorrow, and my sorrow with joy. In prosperity he wishes me to be moderate; in disappointments, patient and prudent; for which purpose He gives me not too great a share of the one, nor too heavy a burden of the other."

5th Month, 2nd

Walked out this morning to view the beauties of nature—I sat down and looked around upon the fields, astonished at the wonderful works of creation, all silent yet expressive: every plant, tree, and herb seemed to

bear a sweet and solemn allusion to the great Creator. What strong obligations of gratitude are we under to Him who bestows all these blessings ! and what is incomparably more, He will bestow eternal blessings on our immortal souls if we will but accept of them, and prepare while on earth ; for surely there must be a preparation, there must be a change of heart from our naturally sinful state—a new and spiritual birth of regeneration. Enable me, oh Lord, to make a full surrender of myself unto thee."

As her medical attendants had recommended travelling, and remaining for some time at a distance from the sea air, her father took her, during the summer of 1818, to Ballston, where she staid two or three months under the care of a physician. But as drinking the waters appeared to disagree with her, and no benefit seemed likely to result from a longer tarriance, she returned home, fatigued and disheartened by the discouraging prospect before her.

12th Month, 27th.

Alone as to outward company—I have often remarked that I was never less lonely than when entirely separated from all earthly companions. Often when in the midst of company I feel disconsolate and lonely for the want of that spiritual Companion whose voice is peace and love. The light of his countenance causes the sad heart to rejoice, enlivens the hope of his followers, and refreshes their drooping spirits. I am much relieved from bodily distress, but find it difficult to abstract my mind from worldly business, and feel

that I am too easily led away by the allurements of this deceitful world. Oh what a mistake it is to put off the work of repentance for a sick bed! If it is a great work in health, what must it be when we have as much pain and distress of body as we can bear, and death, with all its terrors, in view? If a guilty conscience then combines to increase our suffering, how awful must be our situation. To reflect upon the year that has past it appears as but a day. Fast indeed I am travelling towards eternity, but am I travelling as fast toward happiness? Am I as near the city of Zion as I am to the gates of eternity? Am I daily making progress in this great work? Is it my greatest care to serve, obey, and glorify my Heavenly Father? The faithful are abundantly rewarded in this short life, and how great is the reward which is to continue time without end!

1st Month, 4th, 1819.

Another year has commenced, and where am I? yet upon the ocean of life—wafting over the hasty tide towards eternity, where all must land at last. I am amazed at my own indifference to this all important subject. How little did I once think I could feel so toward a work so essential to my happiness. May the power of divine grace be extended to arouse my heart. It was my earnest desire when I commenced attending school that I might not deviate from the path of rectitude, or bring reproach upon my profession, and uneasiness to my own mind; but I greatly fear I have often been too gay and thoughtless.

"With pleasure let me own my errors past
And make each day a critic on the last."

31st. My favorite enjoyment in study is nearly at an end. It is with inexpressible reluctance that I leave school, as my opportunities for acquiring knowledge have been few, in consequence of ill health. If I had obtained a tolerably good education, I think I should be satisfied, but I believe, as far as I know myself, that I feel no disposition to murmur; trusting that I have been taught in the school of Christ during my illness. But, alas, I have not improved in that agreeably to opportunities and obligations. May my Heavenly Father pardon my deficiencies herein. May the good work, which I believe was once begun, be again resumed with fresh vigor, and with the Lord's help be continued through this pilgrimage.

2nd Month, 28th.

At meeting we had the company of a woman Friend (a minister) who appeared to be much concerned on account of the state of some present, who, she apprehended, had set out in the path of obedience to the Heavenly Master, and had made an early sacrifice of carnal enjoyments to serve the one true and living God, but after making some progress, had taken up a rest, short of the true rest, and sat down in a state of ease and lukewarmness. Such she warned, admonished, and entreated to be aroused and attend to their duty. Oh, may my Heavenly Father endow me with grace to come out of the mire of transgression and renew my covenant with Him.

4th Month, 30th.

Attended Purchase Quarterly Meeting. I went with a cold heart but with an earnest desire for improvement. It was held two days, and I think I never sat in a meeting in which the testimonies borne were more weighty and the prayers more fervent. My heart was warmed and my soul drawn out in humble adoration and love. There were some young people at the house where I staid, who, I fear, were too light and airy. I sincerely wish that all who attend such meetings may be impressed with the solemnity and importance of the occasion on which we assemble. It is professedly to worship an Almighty Being that so many hundreds come together. May we weigh the subject with care.

5th Month, 2nd.

To the inquiry—What have I done this day for my Maker, or for my immortal soul? I find no satisfactory answer; and certainly I can do nothing that will be acceptable in the Divine Sight with a cold and formal heart. I mourn that I live at such a distance from God, yet feel unable and unworthy to come nearer; and without His grace I never can."

6th Month, 1st.

In my late visit to New York I arrived at my sister's just as her little Catharine was expiring, but felt fully compensated for my exertions to be with my afflicted sister, who bore the trial with her usual fortitude and discretion, saying she could give her up not only because she was out of the reach of suffering, and happy in the arms of her Creator, but she would escape innu-

merable trials and temptations that would probably have assailed her had she lived.

I attended the Yearly Meeting, which was large and solemn. It was, and still is, my earnest desire that none of the precious advice addressed to us may be lost; but alas! my mind is like a barren mountain, and a desolate waste place, susceptible of but little good, for which I truly mourn."

In about a month after the above date she was taken with a very severe pain in her eyes and head, so that she was unable to bear the light for several weeks together. From this time her health gradually declined until she was confined to the bed with typhus fever; by which she was reduced so low that no expectation was entertained of her recovery; and for five months she remained nearly helpless and not able to speak above a whisper. As soon as her health would admit of it, she resumed her diary, from which the following observations respecting this sickness are extracted.

3d Month, 1820.

"Through the mercy of God I have been raised to a tolerably comfortable state of health, so that I can sit up a part of the day, and occasionally walk a little. These privileges now appear to me like greater blessings than a degree of health that would have enabled me to ride hundreds of miles, formerly did. This is the case with every blessing; we know not how to prize it until it is removed. If sickness will teach me how

to prize health, I think I shall now know how to do it if restored; but, alas, there is no such flattering prospects before me, for as the weather moderates I feel my old complaints returning. Oh how trying to my natural feelings is the idea of being again reduced as low as I was last summer! But why in looking forward, do I feel so much anxiety about this frail body? Why do I not turn my care and attention entirely to my immortal soul, which is of infinitely more value? Am I not still in the hand of the same merciful Friend who supported me in the trying hours of extreme distress; and under the prospect of a speedy removal from time to eternity? And is He not still as able to preserve me beneath the rod of his chastisement, or to withdraw it when he sees best? Will he not execute justice with judgment? If he takes my life, he gave it, and has a right to take it when he pleases. I know all this, but still I feel a reluctance—a something in my heart which prevents my giving up with cheerfulness and composure, the idea of life and health. There is a strong attachment to life, and the enjoyments of it, which I think I may say, was once entirely dissolved. I regret to add that this has increased considerably since my recovery; yet still I may acknowledge that when there has been a probability of my being removed from this world of trial, an emotion of secret joy, at times, springs through my heart, and pleasant anticipations soothe my mind. Then I look at my situation and fear that I am not prepared for an examination by an impartial Judge; death, the king of terrors, is not quite disarmed, nor human

nature sufficiently subdued. I know that nothing but faith in God and obedience to him will produce this effect, therefore, oh, my soul, seek his favor with unceasing diligence.

25th. Oh thou merciful and omnipotent Being! who made and ruleth the heavens—who created the world and all things therein, condescend, I beseech Thee, to look down from thy high and holy habitation upon us, unworthy as we are, with mercy and compassion. Give us grace, I implore Thee, to improve by every dispensation of thy Providence, and to be resigned to them, let them appear in whatever form they may, whether in sickness, the loss of relatives, or in any other of the common tribulations of life. Enable me, I humbly beseech thee, in a particular manner, to improve by this trying dispensation under which I have so long been laboring—a long and tedious illness, and prepare me for future trials. I desire to render unto thee, oh, Father, praise, adoration, and thankfulness for thy goodness, not only in prolonging my life, which was as a taper almost extinguished, but in providing a tender and affectionate parent, friends, and the comforts of life; and above all the rest, for the frequent refreshing of thy love in my desponding heart. When every earthly enjoyment failed—and I cried, I have no refuge but in Thee, then didst thou grant the light of thy countenance to shine upon me; and the spirit of Holiness to speak peace to my mind. Joy unbounded filled my habitation, and the sun of Righteousness, which

maketh glad the city of Zion, shone into the windows of my tabernacle.

4th Month, 2nd.

Under a feeling sense of the Lord's goodness and mercy, I will now pen a few sentences for future perusal. One night, nearly a week since, after having slept a short time, I was suddenly and severely attacked with pleurisy. Extreme pain brought afresh to my mind those agonizing hours, a few months ago, when it appeared impossible for life to continue long.

"The sorrows of death compassed me, and the pains of hell gat hold upon me; I found trouble and sorrow.

Then called I upon the name of the Lord; oh, Lord I beseech thee, deliver my soul.

Gracious is the Lord, and righteous, yea, our God is merciful. The Lord preserveth the simple; I was brought low and he helped me.

Return unto thy rest, oh, my soul; for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee."—*Psalms*, 116 *chap.*

I thought of those days, and my heart burned with gratitude to Him who had prolonged my life; and I endeavored to examine how the time had been improved since my recovery and whether my strength had been occupied in the service of him who gave it. The review afforded me a precious satisfaction; a sweet composure overspread my mind, which neither gold nor pearls could have purchased, or tempted me to resign. I recalled many hours spent in reflection on divine things, and in renewing my covenant with God,

with satisfaction. Oh, what a merciful Father to accept of our feeble efforts, if we desire to love and serve him. It is not the deed but the motive, which renders it acceptable. Faithfulness in little things is as acceptable as in larger ones, and neglect no more excusable.

Oh, death thou king of terrors! oh, grave, thou monarch of victories! may all your victims be previously the subjects of Christ's conversion, love, and redemption, and consequently heirs of his kingdom.

EXTRACT.

4th Month, 8th, 1820.

MY MUCH ESTEEMED FRIEND:

I think I need not apologize for not answering before the letter which I was gratified to receive from thee last spring, as I expect thou art already acquainted with the cause. Almost a year has elapsed and the greater part of that time I have spent in the most exquisite pain and distress. Yes, dear S., my heavenly Father has laid his chastening hand upon me in a peculiar manner. When health and prosperity smile upon us, we can fill our store-houses with corn, wine and oil; gain honor and promotion; our possessions may become enlarged, and our names exalted; but what will all this avail us, unless we experience a redemption from the pollutions of the world, and feel an evidence within us that Christ is our friend, and thatwe have an interest in him? I make these assertions from long and full experience; for I think I have been brought to a situation that would enable me to judge what kind of principles will stand the strong

winds of adversity, and to discern the difference between real and imaginary comforts. And none, I am convinced, will stand a trial in the Lord's furnace, but the pure principles of that holy religion above described. Oh, how precious is a gleam of hope afforded by this to our sinking minds, when to all visible appearance we are on the borders of eternity. Hope is an anchor to the soul when on the ocean of adversity, and resignation the sail that wafts us calmly through the waves of tribulation, change, and uncertainty. Oh, may I never cease to be thankful, may my heart ever burn with gratitude and praise to that Omnipotent Being, in whose hands are life and death, that he, through condescending but unmerited mercy, not only spared my life, but favored me with his life-giving presence, and the light of his countenance to lead and guide me beside the still waters, and to support that spark of hope, that heavenly star, which, though sometimes veiled in clouds of darkness, shone with greater brilliancy than the sun in its meridian splendor.

C. SEELY.

4th Month, 22nd.

I feel an earnest desire to render a sacrifice to the Lord. Oh, that through divine grace I may be enabled to consecrate my heart unreservedly to him, unspotted, unblemished by the world. But oh, how polluted it is! how different from the offerings formerly required, without spot or blemish. Cleanse and purify it, oh, mer-

ciful Parent, search its innermost recesses, and make it in some degree worthy of thy acceptance.

5th Month, 1st.

Oh, Lord, prepare and soften this obdurate heart, and grant me thy life-giving presence to support me through this vale of tears; especially in the trying season of dissolving nature, when it will be more needed than at any other time. Increase, I implore thee, that brilliant star, the Hope of eternal life, which is more to me than ten thousand worlds like this.

27th. I yesterday rode nearly a quarter of a mile to visit a neighbor who was thought to be dangerously ill. I was extremely fatigued, but gratified and thankful that I could ride at all. To my enquiries relative to the state of her mind, she replied that it was mostly composed, and that she could pray for the hour of dissolution, but the idea of leaving five young unprotected children was very trying. The prospect sometimes looked inexpressibly pleasant; but added, death is the king of terrors, and the idea of passing through the dark valley is awful. I told her I could sympathize with her from experience, and that I believed she was in the hands of a merciful Being, who was able to support her, even in that trying hour, and would lay no more upon her than he would enable her to bear. Oh, how great the mercy that has preserved me through such a fiery trial; would to God that my future life may manifest a purification by it.

Dr. R. called and appeared much pleased to see me able to bear a little exercise, and advised me to use the

cold salt bath this summer. He also expressed a wish that I could spend the season back in the country; but in my present state of health it seems almost impossible to get far from the sea air. He seems to think there is a peculiar kind of debility in my stomach, that he cannot remove. I receive no flatteries from friends or physicians to raise my vain expectations of health; but of how little consequence it is what becomes of this frail body, or how soon it perishes, if the immortal soul is clothed with the shield of righteousness. Oh, for a more dedicated heart, fervent spirit, and stronger faith in God. Why should I distrust the goodness, the mercy, and the justice of his judgments?

6th Month, 13th.

The path of life is strewed with flowers and thorns; and if we sit down without seeking other enjoyments than the fading flowers and transitory toys this land can afford, we shall not only miss of that substantial comfort and pure happiness, which we need to sweeten the bitter cup of affliction we must unavoidably meet with in life, but we shall also sacrifice our claim to those blessed promises of eternal life, given to the righteous. Better is it to suffer a little while here, and be happy forever after than indulge in worldly pleasures for a short time, and spend an endless futurity in misery. If our faces are firmly set Zion-ward, we shall receive, at times, a fragrance from thence, which will sweeten our toils and strengthen our souls to persevere.

16th. Praises to my Maker, who gives health, peace, and competency when it is best that we should have

them. These are all that I desire; and I am thankful for such a degree of each as He sees meet to afford. I lately rode a mile to visit my brother's family, for the first time in eleven months that I have been so far from home.

25th. An exercised mind when I retire for the night causes me to have many solemn dreams. Sometime since I dreamed that I stood upon a high precipice, beneath which was eternity. There was nothing to prevent the people from falling from this platform if they went carelessly to the edge, or were drawn there, and the instant they stepped off, they were plunged into a fathomless abyss, to a returnless distance. Methought there was a net drawn across the platform, and I was astonished to find myself caught in it, and moving with an irresistible impulse toward the brink. I looked on every side to see if there was any way to escape, but found none. I then endeavored to see if I were prepared for eternity; and thought I was not fully prepared, which occasioned deep anxiety. At length I thought I was rescued through the unmerited mercy of Jehovah, and permitted to go free for awhile to finish my preparation for that great change. A true picture of my late sickness. May I improve the space allowed me in preparing for that home.

8th Month, 20th.

Again has the Lord been pleased to lay his chastening rod upon me. Truly my soul ought to bless him for his mercy in restoring me thus far. I am again able to sit up and walk a little, though very feeble.

27th. Oh, the necessity of living near the fountain of life, as a preservation from the pollutions of this world! Most Holy Father! be pleased to grant me thy sustaining arm underneath, and keep me near thy precious fold.

Few days pass over my head wherein I do not say, or do something, which, on a review, causes regret. It is written that we shall give an account of "every idle word"—how little does it appear, from common conversation, as if this was our expectation!

9th Month, 1st.

"While the bridegroom tarried, they all slumbered and slept." How many there are who have set out in good earnest, and run well for a season, on their way to Heaven, but are lulled to rest at last, and become again entangled with the world. Oh Lord, set thou a guard before my eyes and every other faculty, lest the world should enter again through these avenues to my heart.

9th Month, 17th, 1820.

ESTEEMED FRIEND:—

Being favored with an opportunity for answering thy letter, I cordially embrace it, though not without being truly sensible of my inadequacy, but I trust thy candor will excuse all its deficiencies. May this, through the blessing of the most High, be permitted to find you all in the enjoyment of health; walking in the path of peace and righteousness; guided by the light of His countenance, and resting upon him as your unchangeable friend—your Alpha and Omega. I received a let-

ter from thee, and one from thy sister, last fall, when I was so very ill that I could not read them for several months, but was gratified in hearing them read. Every pious admonition was then peculiarly acceptable. For four or five months I was so low and helpless that I could not raise my head from my pillow, nor speak above a whisper. No expectation was entertained of my recovery by myself, friends, or physicians; but I was spared while many of our neighbors were taken. Oh, may I never be unmindful of, nor ungrateful for the unmerited mercy of God, not only in restoring me to a comfortable degree of health, but in enabling me to say, it is good for me to be afflicted—"not my will but thine be done." Health is justly styled the greatest earthly blessing we can possess, for when it is withdrawn, it truly takes off the relish of every temporal enjoyment. Yes, when we are brought to a sick bed, our bodies racked with pain, and our minds enveloped in doubt and anxiety, with no prospect before us but a sudden exit from time to eternity, every transitory pleasure, every vain amusement and trifling toy, lose their power to please, and no longer interest us. Nothing will then afford any durable happiness but the true and substantial religion of Jesus. That will illuminate, animate, and support amid the tempestuous seas and raging billows. It is the chastening hand of a tender Father extended to us in love and wisdom; then let us endeavor to submit with cheerfulness and resignation, let his chastisements appear in whatever shape they may, and humbly acquiesce in his divine requir-

ings, believing he will require no more than he will enable us to perform. We must fight the christian warfare with the armor of righteousness, strengthened with the faith of Jesus; and if we persevere we shall gain the victory, and be set down at the right hand of God in the mansions of bliss. How necessary then that we remain at the watch tower, that when the bridegroom cometh we may be found waiting. And as the woman clothed with the sun—the moon under her feet, and a crown of stars upon her head, may we have the happy experience of being clothed with the sun of Righteousness, having the changeable transitory things of this world under our feet, and an eternal crown above; with a place of safety in heaven to flee to from the pursuing enemy. Yes, my friend, we must soon bid an eternal farewell to this perishing world, and if interested in the covenant, we shall find the rest prepared for the children of God. Oh, how does the anticipation of future bliss sweeten the bitter cup of life. Nothing on earth, or of an earthly nature; will bear a comparison with the celestial joys of the saints on high, though I think they have, in some degree, a foretaste of the future while on earth. Those who love the Lamb and his cause, and are interested in the welfare of Zion, and the enlargement of her borders, and have tasted the sweetness of his presence, will agree that one hour of this enjoyment is more desirable than a whole life spent in the pursuit of worldly pleasures.

C. S.

10th Month, 5th.

A memorable circumstance has occurred within the circle of my acquaintance. A healthy girl, sixteen years of age, who had been very wild, and even profane, was seized with her last illness, when her mind became convicted in a remarkable manner. She had not even been instructed in the Christian religion, yet her heart was opened, enlarged, and made wise in divine things. She told her parents that she and they had been living as if they had no souls to save or lose—reproved and admonished her brothers and sisters in such an affectionate, impressive manner, as melted their hearts. She manifested a composure, a greatness of mind, and extensive knowledge, which nothing short of the power of God could furnish. When a fear was expressed that she would say too much, she replied: 'The Lord gives me strength and words, and I must speak them.' "

11th Month, 12th.

Again is my heart bowed in reverent thanksgiving to the Author of all good, for his mercy and preservations during a journey and visit to New-York, which I was favored to enjoy beyond the expectation of my friends, in my feeble state of health. Whenever I visit that large city every faculty of the mind is brought into exercise. I mourn because of the wickedness, hardness of heart, and depravity which abound. My heart glows with affection and sympathy for the sick, afflicted, and oppressed, while I esteem and love the pious,

sincere followers of Jesus, who appear to be toiling in the way of the cross, animated by the anticipation of a crown at the end of the race.

12th Month, 3rd.

A few days since, as I was reflecting upon the many seasons of sickness I had passed through, wherein I had received much kindness and attention from my friends, for which I was truly grateful, but had not had it in my power to make any return, I felt a strong desire that I might be useful somewhere in sickness and distress. Two days after, I went to see a relative who had been afflicted with paralysis for some months. She appeared extremely glad to see me, though she could not speak; but in a few hours, immediately after a hearty dniner, she was seized with a fit. It was peculiarly trying to see her lie in such a situation, unable to communicate to us her great distress, or the state of her mind. My assistance and attention were much needed, and cheerfully devoted. Sensible I am that this was permitted by that over-ruling Power who cannot err; and into His hand did I commend her on my bended knee beside her death-bed, when left alone to watch her fleeting breath, during the solemn silence of the night. I endeavored to prepare my mind for the impending awful event, and thought my feelings were fortified against surprise, yet when it was announced that she was gone, and I beheld the lifeless corpse, I nearly fainted—lost all power of speech, and almost of motion. Thus I see my inability to command my natural feelings, and how easily I am daunted at the sight of death.

Alas, had his summons been to me, could I have felt less terror? could I have resigned my breath with composure, and have said—thou art a welcome guest, I am ready, my day's work is completed? Oh, my soul! happy would it be for thee if this were the case; but I fear I am of the class who have been building for years, but whose wall is not yet raised above the level of the earth.

4th Month, 8th, 1821.

To thee, oh, Father, do I look for direction and preservation in all events both great and small. Preserve also, I implore thee, my dear parent, and brothers and sisters, whom I ardently love, and for whose eternal welfare I feel inexpressible solicitude; lead and guide them in the paths of virtue—enlarge their heart with thy love, and prepare them to be fit vessels for thy use that they may serve, glorify and honor thee forever and ever.

16th of 4th Month, 1821.

I feel an unusual depression of spirits this morning. Oh, what innumerable occurrences are permitted to take place, to try human hearts! Far be it from me to murmur or repine at any thing which may befal me—but sensible I am that I need divine aid to keep me from it. The great Jehovah fills the whole infinitude of space, and is present with every contrite heart.—Surely none need his life-giving presence to support, his wisdom to direct, his long-suffering and pardoning

mercy more than myself. Are any of his dependent children so weak, so frail, so unworthy as I am?

5th Month, 2nd, 1821.

To-day I am neither prepared for work, study, nor meditation. I have endeavored to engage in each separately, but have failed; and now I have retreated to a cool sequestered grove, remote from the busy scenes of life, to call forth, if possible, the powers of my mind, in reverential meditation. Surely an undevout mind, seated thus, disburdened of selfish cares, could do no less than adore that Almighty power who created all that exists, both animate and inanimate.

6th Month, 21st.

Oh, how sensibly do I daily feel the irreparable loss of my beloved mother; she was an affectionate tender care-taker, a skilful nurse, a pious instructor and soother in affliction, and an able counsellor. Most grevious indeed, was her death to all, but especially to me, her loss can never, never be replaced. Oh, how deep, how insupportable the sorrow of my heart when I compare the present state of things with what they once were; yet I humbly hope I feel no disposition to murmur, but trust each trial is designed for my refinement. How little does my dear father know my heart!

In retirement I view the present, review the past, and contemplate the future, and these reflections are rarely, if ever, concluded without soaring in imagination to the regions of the eternal world, where dwells my dear,

dear mother, and beloved brother; and floods of irrepressible tears often banish sleep from my eyes. Yet a season of reflection upon this or almost any subject, is generally terminated with contrite feelings.

7th Month, 8th.

My health has declined very much within the last two weeks. At first my eyes pained me extremely, so that I was unable to do any thing but walk the floor for exercise, and spent the time mostly alone, with the light excluded as much as possible from the room. The doctor is apprehensive of another fit of sickness, which is a disappointment indeed, as I only left school for a week with strong hopes of soon returning to it.

15th. Each day brings increasing proof of my entire dependence. Oh, may I walk circumspectly amidst thet umultuous scenes of life; may every step be directed by wisdom and discretion; and may each day be a season of improvement in the school of submission. Our bread certainly ought to be provided before meal time, for when nature is exhausted by hunger we need immediate refreshment, instead of further toil to prepare food. And thus it is in trials which exhaust the soul, and enervate the mind, we want the necessary refreshment previously prepared; for truly we have enough to do on a sick bed to bear the pain and anguish, without having to endure the remorse of a mispent life.

My beloved father affectionately observed to me that he feared I was not sensible of the danger of my situa-

tion, and he hoped my attention would not be occupied too much with my business and studies, I replied that I had endeavored not to permit these things to engross my mind; that I entered the school with a fear lest this should be the case, and I believe every day witnessed something of the same concern. Yes, often in the busy school has my mind been retired in profound meditation upon subjects of an eternal nature, soliciting divine aid to spend each day in a manner that would afford satisfaction on a review, and cause no regret on a sick and dying bed.

19th. To a reflecting mind, habituated to look into causes and watch their results, how superior are the pleasures that nature affords, to all the combined arts and superficial entertainments that man can produce. When I walked out this morning all was calm, clear, mild and serene; innumerable sounds echoed through the air, and every thing appeared conducive to health and peace. I admired the romantic landscape, the variegated forms of nature, both animate and inanimate; listened to the notes of the feathered choir, and rejoiced that I was not forbidden these pleasures by pain and sickness, nor secluded from them by being buried in the confines of a stifled city, and the powers of the mind overcome by the confusion of a busy multitude.

8th Month, 4th.

Had I but language to express my feelings, it would be done more frequently and more accurately, I feel it to be of the utmost importance to be prepared for eter-

nity, and if trouble will humble me, or produce any good effects, I think I have reason to expect some, but I know all depends upon my own exertions and the blessing of God. I feel my weakness and insufficiency to be almost insurmountable, and often sigh in the depths of humiliation for strength and wisdom from above.

10th Month, 23rd.

The typhus fever has prevailed very much in this, and some other places, six of S. R's family have had it, and four are still very low, with whom I have spent two days this week; with what pleasing satisfaction do I watch over and attend upon those who have previously discharged the same kind offices for me. And who indeed is so universally indebted to others in this way as I am. May these scenes be blessed to us all, particularly to my young and unexperienced friend F. who has hitherto enjoyed uninterrupted health; and may she learn by this her need of relying on an Almighty power.

11th Month, 4th.

Most Holy Father, grant thy blessing to rest upon me and mine; I humbly acknowledge our unworthiness of thy notice, yet, oh, Father, extend thy mercies beyond our deserts. Grant, I implore thee, grace and confidence to the saint, to the serious enquirer, and to the thoughtless sinner, to come unto thee with full purpose of heart, and cast themselves at thy feet; not delaying

through weakness of faith or a sense of their unworthiness. Oh, for preservation! my soul craves it as "the sure mercies of David." I feel nothing to complain of but my own depravity, lightness and vanity. Merciful Benefactor, be pleased to overlook the mountain of my transgressions, and through thy loving kindness, for the Redeemer's sake, pardon my sinful heart.

I am now enjoying a pleasant retired evening in my favorite chamber, within whose walls I once endured several months illness, attended with the most excruciating pain and distress, but I now reflect with a degree of satisfaction upon the state of my mind at that period. Life and death were nearly equal, except a dread of the valley.

Last week I rode to Purchase, and attended the Quarterly Meeting, a privilege that has been denied me, in consequence of ill health, for nearly three years.

Extract from a letter to her brother and his wife:

2nd Month, 17th, 1822.

Oh, my brother and sister, I fear you are too indifferent to eternal concerns! May you love the Lord more, and the world less, is my sincere prayer, not only for you, but all our family, and every one on earth.

I know not what to say of myself; sometimes I am sunk in trouble, sometimes abound in love, and sometimes am lost in wonder, love aud praise. I feel unworthy of Divine notice, care and protection, yet sen-

sible of my increasing need. I have often heard it said that as we advance in life our cares and trials increase, and I am ready to believe it from my own experience ; though I sometimes feel forbidden to look forward with anxiety. I think of taking a school next summer, but repeated disappointments have taught me that every thing is branded with uncertainty. I feel like a transient sojourner, and know not where my future residence will be, but *home*, the precious spot of my nativity, and of my happiest days, is dear to me beyond description ; and though circumstances may cause me to seek another, I will not relinquish my own true home while my dearly beloved parent lives, if ever. Some troubles assail me at present more than all are aware of, but there is a sweet, a lasting refuge from them all ; may I often seek it, may I dwell in it.

7th Month, 21st.

I commenced my school the 18th of 5th Month, not expecting it to exceed twenty scholars, but I have double that number at present. My health has been remarkably good this summer, except for a few days past, and I have been enabled to get along beyond my own expectations, or that of my friends with so large a school. It would be pleasant on several accounts to be with friends, as I feel here as if I were placed on a summit, exposed to the observation of every one, without a mantle to cover my mis-steps or conceal my singularity from ridicule. But I consider it an inestimable favor that I have a father and a father's house to visit,

at the end of the week. My privileges so far exceed my merit, that I have a strong apprehension I cannot enjoy them long without interruption; but my rebellious heart would choose its own enjoyments, and I have a disposition extremely prone to levity to deal with.

9th Month, 18th.

It is three weeks this day since I was taken ill with what Drs. R. and P. call a nervous pain in my head and eyes, and the liver complaint. My sickness, though short, was very severe and painful, but I am now able to sit up most of the time, and walk a little in the yard for exercise. It was trying to leave a school where many of the children were very affectionate to me, and possessed an increasing share of my regard. I often felt anxious, though incapable of instilling into their tender minds the rudiments of virtuous principles, as well as of education. May a blessing attend them, and the exertions of all who may have the care of them!

I feel anxious about my dear cousin and nurse Deborah S. Roberts, who has faithfully attended me in sickness for days, weeks, and months, but is now very ill herself. She is sensible of the grace and mercy of God, and I believe is submissively resigned to his will. May I soon be able to go to her, and be useful in promoting her recovery. It is generally healthy in the country, but the yellow fever prevails very much indeed in New-York.

25th. Cousin has recovered, but alas, for poor me! I am still sick, sick—sometimes entirely confined, and sometimes nearly so. Does the earth contain another such a poor, frail, unworthy child? I am disconsolate beyond description. Father, be merciful to unworthy me—be merciful to me a sinner! Thy protecting care is my only hope for future preservation.

Extracts from a letter to F. J. and her sister N. W., after the death of their father, and the husband of the latter:

DEAR FRIENDS:

"I presume it will be unexpected to you to receive these lines from me at this time, but persuade myself that they will be in some degree acceptable, as they are prompted by purely sympathetic motives, which your bereaved situation commands from every one; but those only who have experienced similar trials can fully sympathize with you. Others may indeed anticipate, but they cannot realize what their feelings would be at the affecting crisis of final separation from near and dear friends; or at a later period, when, after the last kind offices have been performed, they find themselves in the lonely mansion, where every apartment and every object bears the impress of silence and solemnity.

"The aid of medicine oft we try
Our health impaired to mend,
But oh, what cordial can supply
The absence of a friend?"

No earthly enjoyments, no soothing attention can supply their loss, or fill the vacancy that death has made. Time will blunt the poignancy of grief, and when engaged in the necessary occupations of active life, it will habitually and unavoidably become more familiar, less insupportable, and often absent from your minds, though perhaps you cannot realize it now, and can only say—

"Beneath a heavy load of grief
My soul is bending low,
No ray of comfort, or relief,
Beams on this heart of woe.

"Could I indulge the distant hope
That friends would e'er return,
My heart would grasp the frail support,
Forget to sigh or mourn.

"But such a hope would impious be,
Though sunk in depths of woe;
Nor dare I raise such wish to Thee,
Who every heart doth know.

"For well I know thy goodness sends
Afflictions not in vain;
But mercy still with chastening blends,
Sweet pleasure too, with pain.

"And well I know with patience kind
To bear the heavy load,
Is sweet refreshment to my mind,
And pleasing to my God."

If we can but acquiesce in all the dispensations of Providence, it will not only be fulfilling an important duty, but be a support to us when all external consolations fail. I know by long and repeated experience, both in sickness and trouble, that it is much easier to recommend this to others, than to practice it ourselves; and in times past when it has been expressed in such positive terms that I must be resigned to the will of the Most High, and not regret whatever he causes to take place, because his judgments are just, the question has arisen, whether it was right to mourn for departed friends: but I think we may be resigned, that is, feel no disposition to murmur against that unerring hand which has bereaved us, and still mourn; for we cannot give up a friend whom we love—one on whom our happiness so much depends, as on a parent or consort, without the greatest degree of reluctance and regret. No, my friends, when we remember the happy hours we have enjoyed in their society, the innumerable kindnesses we have received from them; the safety we felt when under their protection; their sympathy and attention in sickness, and their unremitted solicitude for our welfare—we cannot sustain such irreparable losses without the utmost regret and sorrow. Under these reflections, in more retired hours, when memory presents past scenes to view, the tear of mournful sensibility does not, and I presume will not cease to flow, to the latest day of my life, and thus I apprehend it will be with you. But the necessary cares of life call our attention at intervals, and gradually

restore that cheerfulness to our depressed spirits which is essential to our comfort and to our health, and which we would not probably obtain so soon if we were indulged in an uninterrupted course of silent meditation; though this once would have been my choice and doubtless is yours. The same hand that afflicts, has compassion, and power to console; and has promised to be the orphan's father, and the widow's God—let us look to him."

14th. Oh, what a merciful Father we have to deal with! I feel the greatest confidence and assurance that none will perish for lack of knowledge; for though some may suppose that those nations who do not enjoy the privilege of living in a christian land will be doomed to eternal misery, I cannot think so; it would be inconsistent with the mercy of Almighty God. Where little is given, but little is required; and where much is given, much is required. Our happiness does not so much consist in the many privileges we enjoy, as in the right improvement of them; and certainly it is a great privilege to live in a christian land, for the greater our knowledge of divine things, if well improved, the higher our enjoyments will be.

11th Month, 13th, 1822.

Since my father's second marriage, I have engaged to teach a family school at Westchester. It is a great undertaking, as my dear parent observes, to go among strangers, who know not the delicate state of my health;

but I leave the future with Him who cannot err. My request is to be supported through every change and trial which it may be my lot to experience.

3rd Month, 16th, 1823.

Many are the vicissitudes of human life, and few are the earthly joys of a heart like mine. When I meet with tribulation, I wade through it, weighing causes and consequences until my heart sinks; and were it not for an infinite supporting power, it would long ere this have sunk under discouragement.

When shall I cease to be sad and lonely in the midst of company? And when shall I be privileged with the opportunity of indulging in solitude? I can truly say I am least lonely when personally alone. I feel an unusual depression: may it not be removed until the necessary effect has been produced—the humbling of my mind.

4th Month, 17th.

Alas, what a scene have I passed through within the past week! On the night of the 14th, the house in which I resided was consumed by fire. The heads of the family were absent, and all in the house wrapt in sleep until the flames had made rapid progress towards our beds; and in all human probability, we should have been smothered by the smoke in a few moments more. Merciful indeed, is that God who preserved us in the hour of danger. I awoke first. I cannot express my feelings at that time. I alarmed the family as soon as possible; and after getting the children out

of the house, assisted the domestics in removing the goods as long as my strength and the fire would admit. Having promised to take all possible care of the family and of the house, a sense of my responsibility compelled me to sacrifice my own clothing, and endeavor to save what I could of the property of those who were absent. When, for a moment, I regret my loss, I remember how willingly I made the sacrifice to give satisfaction, and to save that which was more valuable, I can truly say I do not regret one thing I did, or left undone.

It was a real satisfaction to find that instead of censure we were commended for saving so much. I exerted myself until I was obliged to lie down in the street several times, thinking I could do no more, but after getting breath went again while any thing could be done. At length I complied with the request of the men to go with the children to the nearest neighbors, a quarter of a mile distant; but was so exhausted that I could not speak for an hour or two after I got there. Through mercy I am so far restored as to come to T. L's, and open a school here, but unable to do justice to the children, as a part of the time I am very ill, and fear an approaching fit of sickness; if so may I be preserved in patient resignation, and may there be a way made where I can see none.

5th Month, 25th.

My school is now small, but I am constantly with the children, and the more I witness the opening buds

of he tender mind, the more I feel the responsibility of my situation.

7th Month, 11th.

How swiftly time rolls by! When a week, a month, or a year has passed, it is like the rolling billow that has gone from our sight; but we are not as if we had not existed during that period, for we either feel satisfaction or regret for the manner in which it has been spent, and it will more or less affect our future happiness.

8th Month, 23rd.

I am now in dulged invisiting my friends, after spending nine months in teaching family schools at Westchester and West Farms, many, and some most trying scenes have I passed through in that time, but I have much more cause to be thankful than to complain. The hand of omnipotence was conspicuous in many instances of my preservatio n, and restoration to health, and especially in breaking my sound slumbers, and enabling me to arouse others, when the flames were fearfully kindling around us.

—— 1824.

Although our crosses and afflictions may be great; or our prosperity and enjoyments highly gratifying, and every year a scene of pleasing variety—a history of novelty and wonder, yet what is all this compared with the real business of our lives? which is to

prepare for a never ending eternity. Even at this moment, while my heart feels too little of the love of God, I can look around upon the delightful scenery of my beloved home with a degree of indifference; but feeble nature yields too easily to the enticing enjoyments of ease and comfort. I think I have endeavored, during an absence from home of 18 months, to keep my affections aloof from the world and its varied snares, for I was aware that my situation required more watchfulness in proportion to greater exposure.

The spark of faith is sometimes so reduced as to be scarcely visible, but had it been quite extinguished, I fear I should have given over all exertion. At one tried season I almost doubted whether I had any reason for a shadow of hope, yet said firmly in my heart, "though he slay me yet will I trust in him." Oh, why should we ever distrust him? Though our sins rise as mountains between us and immaculate purity, yet if we solicit with humility and prostration of soul, his power is sufficient to remove the mountain which separates us from his holy presence, and convince us that he is all love, mercy, and forgiveness to the penitent heart.

It seems as if I needed an unusual degree of chastisement to humble me, for I am not disposed to think any sufferings that have been inflicted are unnecessary, but receive them at the Divine hand with a confidential belief that they are wisely ordered, and if improved, will perhaps be more beneficial to me, than what are called temporal blessings.

When I am ill, or involved in trouble, it is not often the work of an hour, a day, or a week, to reconcile my mind to my situation; and often at the commencement of sickness I feel as if I could not possibly be resigned to it, considering the numerous inconveniencies attendant thereon.

My constitution is so extremely delicate that I not only suffer much, but it is difficult, if not dangerous, to administer medicine for my relief, and consequently the pain and extreme debility continue a long time, and render my prospects, when taken ill, of the most gloomy texture. Who can wonder if these discouragements, and many secret trials, combined with anxiety for my future welfare, should sink my spirits? yet I am often favored with a composure which is no more at my command, without divine aid than health of body.

I can truly say I have never felt greater peace, quietude, joy and resignation, than on a sick and painful bed; but so far from viewing it as attainable by my own strength, I consider it a rich gift, a choice blessing from the Father of mercies, in answer to my earnest petitions. Although blessings may be in store for us, they will not be dispensed unsought for. "Ask and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you." The Father in mercy prompts this desire in the heart, but if we give no heed to the secret impression, it will leave us in a state of poverty.

4th Month, 1824.

I went to New-York with the expectation of attending school there, but as my health seemed declining, and I was afflicted by turns with an acute pain in my head and eyes, I was advised not to remain in the city during the summer. I accordingly came home in 5th Month, with the intention of spending the summer with my dear father, and returning to New-York in the fall. As he was advanced in years, I thought perhaps it would be the last season I should be with him, and anticipated much enjoyment; but not meeting with the motherly tenderness my health required, and having been repeatedly urged to take my former school at New Canaan, I engaged it for the summer, though my father and Dr. P. opposed it, considering my health too precarious for the undertaking.

On the 1st of 6th Month, 1824, Catharine took charge of the large school above mentioned, and boarded with a married sister. The pain in her head and eyes, with which she was much afflicted before, now became more severe, and almost incessant. Still she endeavored to continue her school (the latter part of the time through great suffering) but at the expiration of two months she was obliged to leave it, and seek relief from medical treatment, under the paternal roof. She, however, indulged a hope of soon being able to return to it again, but in this she was disappointed, as her strength wasted daily—noise and light became exceedingly painful, and in three weeks time she was confined to her bed. Excepting one short ride with her father, soon after she

left her school, she was confined to the house, and almost entirely to her bed the remainder of her life. While describing, some years afterward, the mental conflicts, as well as physical sufferings she endured at that period, she writes thus:—

"I spent eight or ten hours a day at the school house, and mostly in school; for while I kept it, I resolved to discharge my duty as fully as possible, though the latter part of the time I could not bear the light to one eye, and was obliged to omit reading with the classes, in consequence of the weakness of my lungs. The severity of the pain in my back and side occasionally disabled me from rising out of my chair for some hours at a time; and as I frequently raised a little fresh blood in the morning, I felt such a sinking at my lungs that for hours after it was a great hardship to speak. At the expiration of two months, my cousins P. and D. S. R. came and took me home with them, where I passed the night in the most extreme pain in my head, eyes and throat. The next morning a blister was applied, and I went home expecting to get relief, and return again to my school in a few days; but Providence ordered it otherwise, and in wisdom concealed from me the extent of succeeding sufferings.

I tried every possible exertion to keep up and use exercise; when I could not see to use my needle or do other work, I swept the room until I was so weak as to tremble for hours after it. I still tried to walk, but finally in going from one bed to another, I repeatedly

fell helpless on the floor; partly in consequence of debility, and partly from the effects of the disease upon my back and hip. The doctors said that every exertion increased my diseases, and I must submit to confinement, and endeavor to resign myself to the result. I was convinced of the correctness of the reasoning, but the idea of close confinement, especially when I recollected my former one, seemed insupportable, and I begged that I might be spared from it, even if it were the design of heaven to take my life. But my choice was unwarrantable, nor had I much time to meditate upon it, for in a few days I became entirely confined to my bed.

For some weeks, and mostly for months, I was obliged to have my room so dark that those who came in could not distinguish one object from another; but after the disease spread more generally over the system, the optic nerves seemed somewhat relieved, and I could bear more light in the room if carefully shaded from my bed, yet to the present day whenever the pain centres mostly in my eyes, I can bear it no better than at first. Before I ceased trying to walk, I was seized with spasms, which so alarmed my father and the attending physician, that Dr. R. was called for consultation. At this time it was very difficult to raise my voice, and so humiliating to speak to them in a whisper, that I strained my lungs by the exertion, and for nearly seven years after could not make any noise at all with my voice. The spasms came on like a flash, without any warning, and so great was the muscular contraction of

the stomach that I was frequently almost thrown from the bed; and by holding me with all his strength, Dr. R. could not prevent my head from bowing almost to my stomach. The pain was alternately severe in my head, side, and back, which, with the increase of other debilitating symptoms, rendered my case more and more difficult and dangerous.

When I heard that the doctors were apprehensive of a long sickness, it pierced my heart like an arrow, for though I thought I was resigned to the Divine will, I found, and still find, that the lesson of submission to his disposal is to be repeatedly learned as long as we live.

My sufferings were greatly increased by noise, which vibrated through my brain and every nerve with a distress that I cannot describe, as it far exceeded any ordinary pain. My anxiety to sit up, or be raised in bed, was so great, that I insisted upon its being done several times in a day for two or three months, although the pain in my back and side was thereby rendered so acute that I could not possibly endure it but for a few moments; and a serious ill turn so often followed, that my physician and friends were convinced of its injurious effects, and refused to raise me at all. After this, I think it must have been two years, and but rarely in five years, that I could be raised to a sitting position. After I had been confined five or six weeks, and at a time when I was considered very dangerously ill, I was suddenly taken senseless and motionless, and remained

in that situation about two hours. These sinking turns (as the doctor termed them) in a few weeks became very frequent and of longer duration, often occuring daily, and varying from two hours to half or a whole day. I was not always conscious of their approach, but usually felt great weariness and debility, and a pressure on the brain, like a heavy weight on the top of my head. Every effort to speak seemed as if it would take my life, and the more exertions were used by myself and others to keep them off, the lower I sank, and the longer was their continuance. My dear cousin, Deborah S. Roberts, (who was my affectionate nurse, and for years supplied as nearly as possible the place of a tender mother, whose loss was then more keenly felt than ever before,) has since assured me that she endeavored to gain all possible information how to ascertain whether life was extinct or not, fearing, as I did at the time, that I should lie so long in one of these turns as to be given up and buried alive. I usually knew a part of the time what was passing around me, and recollect hearing it repeatedly said that I was gone, and my pulse and breathing had ceased; yet did not get over them until lost to all recollection. Deborah says at one time, for two or three weeks, I was apparently insensible to every thing during the day, except when disturbed by noise, or aroused for the purpose of swallowing a little nourishment or medicine; that every muscle seemed entirely relaxed, more so than in sleep, and the powers of life completely prostrated. I mostly revived at evening, and was quite free from drowsiness or stupor

during the night; yet it was a mystery to me and to others, that as soon as they were over, my mind was as clear and my intellect as bright as is natural to me. These turns appeared very different from sleep, but I think must have been a substitute for it, as I was not known to be asleep, night nor day, for two and a half weeks at one time; and often two or three nights in succession, especially if wearied by noise, or aroused from a sinking turn before it went off of itself. It was Dr. Hull's opinion that the blood did not recede from the brain with sufficient action, and other physicians also have considered it an affection of the brain.

The following extract is taken from one of D. S. R.'s letters:

10th Month, 10th, 1824.

Since writing the above, Catharine has had a distressing sinking turn, more entirely senseless for two hours than usual. When in this situation she requires great attention. Sometimes friction, bathing with warm brandy, internal stimulants, &c., appear to be beneficial; at others, nothing but perfect quiet around her will answer; stimulants cannot always be endured, and I believe stillness affords more relief than any medicine. But amidst all she maintains her patience and cheerfulness. Her quiet resignation renders her society agreeable, and affords much enjoyment mingled with my close confinement. She told me she had not felt impatient but three times in this sickness, and had rather

suffer with severe pain than impatience, and exclaimed, 'Why should we fear these pains that waft us to the shores of bliss?' I should not be surprised if she should be taken away at any time.

At another time she said, "I feel peace of mind, but am the weakest of the weak; the unworthiest of the unworthy. I hope my fears may not prove a discouragement to others, or cause any to doubt the mercy of God; for though my afflictions are great, I have endeavored to bear them each day as if it were the first, and his mercies have been equal to them. I feel great love for my friends, but can do nothing for them now; but if I had strength I think I could spend years in persuading them to prepare for death. I don't know that there is any thing more for me to do in this life, or desirable in it; but I do feel a great concern for the spiritual welfare of my dear absent brother E. I cannot see him, but oh, how I desire that he may be prepared for death."

8th. "I feel as if I was nearly done with this world, and believe I can freely submit to the will of the Most High. I love my friends with redoubled affection, and oh, that they may prepare for such a time as this. I see nothing in my way, all is peace and tranquility; and one hour now is worth all the rest of my life. I feel unworthy, but on the mercy of God I rest my hopes; and if there are degrees of happiness, I ask only the lowest seat in his kingdom. Great is my solicitude for my dear father, and when I am gone, I wish all

who respect me, to visit and console him for my sake. I particularly wish my brothers and sisters to do all in their power to comfort him in his old age."

She afterward adds:—"The second winter of my sickness, I was occasionally able to guide my pen, but for some years after, I only wrote with a pencil, being quite unable to use pen and ink."

The following is taken from a letter to one of her friends, dated 12th Month, 10th, 1825.

"Health is too great a privilege for me to enjoy, or even a relief from extreme suffering, for any length of time. What an invaluable privilege to be comfortable, what a luxury to be able to serve one's self! But it is in wisdom appointed otherwise for me; and I endeavor to banish anxiety, but do not say how far I have succeeded. Like other attainments, it is desirable but difficult. Though my body is bound with more than adamantine chains, the mental part cannot be confined within the narrow limits of this secluded chamber.

"Nothing is more necessary for me than submission, but it cannot be complete until I am divested of anxiety. Feeling this, I resolve and re-resolve, but through the weakness of human nature come short of a total and constant surrender of that anxiety which is the product of distrust. I say constant, because I do not at all times feel submissive, but must acknowledge, through mercy and great exertion I do often feel the peaceful result of its benign influence. And what do I need

more, to convince me of the Divine approbation, when endeavoring to acquiesce in his requirings, than peace and composure of mind. Surely this is a full compensation for every sacrifice, and an encouragement to put unlimited confidence in Him who thus condescends to sweeten the bitter cup of affliction, and refresh my weary soul with the rich dainties of his table."

22nd. Since my friends and relatives have been assembled for the purpose of public worship, my mind has been engaged in contrasting their situation with my own, and I am ready to exclaim, how vastly different! You can lie down on your downy beds, and spend each night in sound and uninterrupted repose, undisturbed by the numerous kinds of extreme pain and distress that are the frequent or constant visitants of my bed; and are strangers to that still more indescribable languor and debility produced by such long and severe sufferings. You can rise with the morning dawn, invigorated by rest, and engage in your various occupations; go abroad and mingle in pleasant society; meet in public assemblies for worship, and engage in the varied interesting scenes of life, and divert your attention from the trouble and sorrow, from the gloomy remembrance of the chambers of sickness, of continued affliction, of perpetual confinement, and the still keener trial of entire dependence. A certain portion of the time the mind may very properly be diverted from these gloomy scenes, but there is danger of its being so unmindful of adversity and futurity as to be unprepared for them, forgetful that they may, and assuredly will

come. I truly desire that neither you nor I may be unmindful of our numberless privileges. Let us not receive the common blessings of life, the special favors of Providence, which you who are in health so abundantly enjoy, and even I too, on this painful bed, with ungrateful hearts, because we may think of some that we do not possess. When I give full scope to reflection, I am ready to conclude I am the least worthy and the most needy of all mankind, and perhaps a burden to those around me.

1st Month, 3rd, 1826.

A temporary relief from pain, and some return of strength, have often revived my hopes of health but they have never been indulged long without a succeeding ill turn to warn me from future anticipations. Under my complicated afflictions, it is mercy, unmerited mercy, that preserves me from sinking into despondency.—In mercy the Lord brought us into existence; in mercy prolongs life, and blesses with prosperity; in mercy permits the heavy hand of affliction to rest upon us to wean us from the things of time and sense, and shew us that every earthly enjoyment is transitory, and life but a probationary state in which to prepare for eternity. When I reflect how marvellously He has supported and carried me through my sufferings, I am lost in wonder and astonishment; repeatedly has he raised me from the borders of the grave and rescued my mind from the brink of despair. The greatest sorrow has often been succeeded by unutterable joy: which I would not ex-

change for perfect health, and the command of the world. Would strength permit, my pen should often be employed in commemorating the grateful emotions of my heart.

2nd Month.

Disconsolate feelings are not always the dispensation of Providence, but we sometimes bring them upon ourselves. Of this class are mine to-day. I strayed from the bower of composure and met a mirror in which I beheld myself in my full garb of frailties, weakness, and innumerable deficiencies; in consideration of which I am bordering on discouragement. If my external changes regulated or ruled the mind I should have great cause to dread the frequent relapses of violent pain, but they are often exactly in opposition to each other. I have of late been supported through pains, apparently sufficient to demolish this feeble tenement, yet my mind has mostly been favored with a secret composure; and for unknown purposes I am relieved and left to pursue the voyage of life.

The surface of the ocean, now calm and smooth, may soon be ruffled by boisterous winds, and on its mild bosom the highest surges soon may roll; but there was never yet an endless storm. Though our bark be slender, if judiciously managed—every duty faithfully performed, we shall doubtlessly be favored to reach a peaceful haven.

Without perseverance—without a strict adherence to the inward guide, the pilot of the soul we cannot

expect to be finally landed on the shores of eternal Rest."

[Extracts from a Letter, dated 2nd Month, 1826.

"If we faithfully serve our Heavenly Father we have the strongest assurance of divine direction and consolation here, exclusive of that reward in the world to come, prepared for the righteous. The way is open to all, and we are invited but not compelled to choose the right path. Many are the inducements to step aside; yet the further we advance in the straight and narrow way, the clearer our prospect of duty will become, and those mountains of opposition, which appeared to obstruct our progress, will, by faithfulness sink beneath our feet. Great sacrifices are seldom required—every temptation that is resisted, is a sacrifice; and we feel a measure of the same satisfaction in attending to small duties, when they are required, as we do in fulfilling greater ones; and the same reproof for neglecting them, unless our feelings have become blunted by disobedience. I know how natural it is to procrastinate while in health, and even when deprived of it, as long as a faint glimmer of hope flatters us with the idea of recovery; but when there is a prospect of sudden dissolution, the question arises—"Is our peace made between God and our own souls?" and then would we give all we possess on earth for this assurance. It is dangerous to put off the work of a whole life to the uncertain and awful crisis of a sick bed; for if our life is not taken away suddenly, our reason may be.

A peaceful mind in sickness, is worth every sacrifice we can make, and as far exceeds every other joy, as remorse of conscience exceeds every other sorrow.

3rd Month, 11th.

Oh, may I never let mournful information, that a fellow-mortal has departed, pass unheeded through my ear. Whether it be friend or stranger, nobleman or vagabond, it is the same solemn warning—'Be ye also ready'—I am qualified by experience not only to sympathise with mourners, but with the soul that considers itself upon the brink of eternity. Awful indeed is that situation, unless the life-giving presence of the Prince of Peace illumines the dark valley. I have repeatedly been viewed by myself and others as passing through the last change, and memorable, and indescribable were my feelings. Sometimes, though in great distress of body, I have been favored with that peace which the world can neither give, take away, nor comprehend; while at other times I was involved in gloom and darkness, which would have been insupportable, but for an invisible arm underneath that kept my soul from despair. It seems mysterious that a life, apparently so useless as mine, should be prolonged, while so many useful ones have been removed. The consideration of this, and the loss of their friendship and sympathy, has deeply depressed me on hearing of the deaths of several dear friends and neighbors, who have often extended to me the hand of kindness and affection during my illness; and some of them have spent many a night in my solitary chamber, soothing my aching heart.

18th. When worn with pain, my strength exhausted and all my friends can do, fails to relieve, I am willing to try the uncertain aid of medicine. I live by temporary relief, and it is as thankfully received by me, as a cure by those who have more strength, and a short sickness."

In consequence of the very great irritability of the whole nervous system, all the senses, but particularly her sight and hearing, became painfully acute. Light could be easily excluded; but during the first four or five years of her confinement, while mostly very low, she suffered excessively, not only from unavoidable noise, but because it was entirely incomprehensible to those who were not frequent eye-witnesses of the fact, that small noises could affect her so seriously, and sometimes so alarmingly as they did. Some, no doubt, thought it partly a whim, in which she had been too much indulged, and consequently were unwilling to turn aside from their own convenience, business, or pleasure, to spare her; not knowing, or at least not considering that the nerves may be rendered, by disease, as much more sensitive to ordinary external impressions, as is an inflamed eye to light and touch, compared to one in a perfectly healthy state.

The following extracts are taken from several lengthy paragraphs written at different times upon this subject:

"I cannot describe, mortals cannot comprehend, and none but the Lord, who has sustained me a monument

of his mercy, knows what I have endured. My friends see enough to think it a miracle that I yet live, but if they knew one half of what I have passed through, they would call it marvellous indeed. I remember I once invoked death as a relief, but I hope to be preserved in future from that error; and oh, may I be excused from such agonizing sufferings as I endured on the 8th of 5th Month, from the sound of a drum more than two miles distant. The distress and irritation of the nerves produced violent spasms, and the effect upon my helpless frame continued many days.

"Nothing, nothing has ever equalled the distress which noise occasions, the agitation of my nerves causes me to perspire, tremble and faint; in these agonizing seasons my submission, my patience and my confidence are nearly tried. When most severely affected I cannot bear company, therefore few witness the distressing effects or can comprehend the full necessity of being still. A person once visited me when reduced by noise and not being aware of my debility conversed in a loud voice which threw me into violent spasms and for several days it seemed as if life would sink beneath the conflict.

"I was very grateful to the celebrated Dr. Hull, when first called in consultation, for convincing some that I could not survive long unless kept very quiet. He said my nerves were like the chords of a musical instrument so tightly strung that the slightest touch would cause them to vibrate. He noticed that a noise which others would scarcely observe, or a light touch

of his hand would agitate them. He said he had had many similar cases, but none that remained so severe so long. That this is one of these singular cases of which people who are not deeply interested, or frequent witnesses, cannot bear a full description. They realize and pity common sufferings, but that which is strange and extreme, they cannot comprehend.

"Oh, how favored are they who can sleep undisturbed, and rise refreshed to pursue the pleasures of industry, pleasures which most of all I covet. But while others are resting in quiet slumbers from all their toil, forgetful that when the noise of the day has subsided, its painful effects are still increasing in my system, I am growing more and more spent and weary with the anguish of the preceding day.

6th Month, 2nd, 1826.

I am permitted once more to see my birth day. Life is a blessing—may I not abuse it. Death is a blessing when prepared for it. Twenty seven years of my life are past, no more to be recalled than 'the years beyond the flood.' On reviewing the past, the question arises, 'what report has it borne to heaven?' If favorable, I cannot regret that it has fled forever; if unfavorable, I regret the mis-improvement, rather than that it is not to be passed again."

After having been confined up stairs a year and nine months, circumstances seemed to render it advisable to remove her to a lower room, and she was accordingly

brought down on the 9th of 6th Month, 1826. And some time afterward, wrote as follows respecting that, and other circumstances :

" After I was brought down stairs, I could inhale the refreshing breeze, and smell the sweetness of the earth, when placed near an outer door that opened into my room. But this was little noticed at first, as I was very ill, and the spasms which then attended did not fully subside until I was laid in a warm bath. It was recommended by some who imputed their recovery from nervous diseases, in part, to warm bathing, and I could but wish to give it a fair trial. I was accordingly laid in one, the temperature of which was not quite as warm as my body, for three minutes, and then lifted on a sheet to my bed, and wrapped in a dry flannel blanket. I continued to grow easier and weaker, but could not be moved enough to be dressed in twenty four hours, nor scarcely raise my hand, or whisper so as to be understood. I slept quietly and sweetly that night, which was an unusual circumstance, and never experienced so much relief from any other remedy for spasms and nervous irritability. But the nerves were not the seat of my main disease, and that of my back and side increased so much in consequence of the debilitating effects of the bath, that it was several months before I regained my former degree of strength."

While in this weak state, she was sorely afflicted by being called to mourn the sudden death of her eldest brother, Selleck Seely, on the 27th of 6th Month, 1826,

after an illness of only eight or nine days. Her solicitude for him was such as to induce her to exert herself beyond her strength, in writing the following lines with a pencil, during the early part of his sickness:

"My most affectionate love to my dear brother S. I rejoice to hear that thy symptoms are better; and though deprived of the favor of seeing thee, I have the privilege of constant intercession at the Throne of Grace for the welfare of thy soul, the consolation of thy mind, and the restoration of thy health. Thou art in the hand of a merciful Father, who requires nothing but humble submission and penitence. Though we know our deficiencies are very great, and that we can do nothing for ourselves, and find it difficult to be entirely resigned, yet our feeble endeavors will be accepted and strengthened. That Power that has so long supported unworthy me in affliction, I firmly believe will support and be merciful to thee.

Thy truly affectionate, and deeply interested sister
CATHARINE."

7th Month, 2nd.

A heart-rending scene has occurred. My Heavenly Father has been pleased to try me closely, in an unexpected and tender point, by the removal of my dear brother. My former and present troubles have mostly been of that nature that none could fully share them with me; but to some, this affliction is still greater than to me; he having left a wife and five children to

mourn his loss. The idea of his death was at first almost insupportable, and my anxiety for his immortal soul, beyond description; yet I hope and believe he has gone to his endless home, in the realms of eternal bliss. May we all profit lastingly by this bereavement, and not be permitted to neglect or forget his last advice! His disease was an inflammation of the lungs and brain, which in a few days deprived him of his reason; but he was mercifully made sensible of this, and of his approaching dissolution; hastening to settle his business, and earnestly expostulating with his family to prepare for eternity. He acknowledged his error in deferring the main business of life so long; wished to be kept quiet and retired, to prepare for the event, and said his reason would soon forsake him. I was rarely able to see him; but when I did, he was much affected, particularly at our last interview. On his return home, he told his family that I was very low, and no prospect of a recovery; but added, "I shall go before her;" and at several different times made similar remarks, while in good health. My anxiety for him during the course of my own illness, was often greater than I could express; but when I learned that his mind had been awakened, and he was fully sensible that his time was short, my heart was melted in gratitude to a merciful God, and I resolved not to cease praying for a friend while breath remained. I was very low at the time of his death, and had to repress my grief; for when I gave way to it but for a moment, I would go into spasms and lose my breath. Great care and attention were requisite,

but I did not lack either, as D. S. R. was constantly with me, and my dear father and sisters alternately with me and brother, though mostly with him. Never shall I forget that afflicting season, when my grief-worn parent was going back and forth from the sick bed of one child to that of the other, uncertain which would go first, as I was considered very dangerously ill a part of the time. The evening after he was buried, I wept, and again went into spasms, but not since, though it is still an unhealed wound.

8th Month, 7th.

My dear D. S. R. has gone to meeting, for the first in some weeks, as I have been too ill for her to leave me. I feel unspeakable gratitude to her, and to Him who disposes her to such unequalled kindness as to stay with me; and that she sees and feels the necessity of it, untold by others. I earnestly beg the favor of being able to let her go often. When I am very low, she is more confined than at other times, yet not secluded from the open air, as I require more than those about me; and as it is thought necessary for her to ride out for exercise, I recollect her riding on horseback fifty miles in one week. Another of my nurses having been advised to go out occasionally, lest her health should suffer by confinement, remarked, if that lady knew how much she rode against the cold wind, she would no longer fear that my nurses lacked fresh air.

About the last of 9th Month I was carried on a sheet a few steps from the stoop, and laid in a large cradle for a few minutes. It was more than two years since I had

been outside the door, though often laid near it, and had felt extremely anxious all summer to be taken out, but a succession of severe ill turns, in which I was often too low for a week at a time, to be moved, even from one bed to another, prevented. I thought if I could but lay my hand upon the ground once more, I would give up ever going out again, unless materially better. It was a novelty, indeed, to see the surrounding fields, the locust and peach trees thickly matted over my head, and the green grass spread under me, though the view was but partial, as I could not bear the light without a veil of four thicknesses over my face. Oh, how beautifully did nature's green curtain wave over me! I can see it now, in memory's eye, but not otherwise; for the light is at this time acutely painful. And how pure, how reviving the sweetness of the earth and air! favors which many daily enjoy without considering the privilege, or knowing its true value.

10th Month, 13th.

I think self-indulgence is one of the greatest hindrances to christian advancement. We must learn self-denial and humility, or we cannot walk in the paths of rectitude Zion-ward, which are not strewed with flowers to please the carnal mind, but with crosses and trials to prove our sincerity and faith. This path is new to each, and the experience of others cannot make it familiar to us; nor their labors answer instead of ours, any more than their happiness can satisfy our souls. We must each do our own work, and the hope of future happiness will cheer and animate the pilgrim in his toilsome journey.

It is a consolation that "the battle is not always to the strong, nor the race to the swift." When I strive with all my might, and cannot advance one step; when I exert all my powers to gain the conquest, and find I have no strength, precious indeed is the privilege of calling upon the Lord for help. What unmerited mercy to find this divine help, after wandering long and solitarily until the soul is ready to sink under successive clouds of sorrow. May I never cease to be thankful for feeling, at times, under the shadow of these clouds, humility and innocence as an armor against the adversary, who follows us into every situation, and is as busy in retirement as in public scenes; but the divine power is greater, and is every where to protect us.

11th. I know not why it is so, but my lips have been sealed for a long time with regard to religious conversation, especially on doctrinal points, even when in company with those with whom I formerly felt unlimited freedom on these subjects. I often fear some will think these all-important topics have become less interesting to me, but it is not the case. I cannot speak unbidden (even when I know that some who visit me are looking for something from me,) I ought not—I dare not spend the portion given for my own support. I have felt bitter regret for so doing; and severe condemnation for refraining from speaking when bidden to do it. Perhaps if I had not been thus silenced I should have joined in the general controversy in society, which, for me, would have been very wrong.

It is not our business, or, at least not mine, to attempt to search into the hidden mysteries of Providence; but to be faithful to known duty, to cultivate humility and submission to our Maker, and love to the whole human family.

All are brothers and sisters, equally entitled to the Divine favor, so far as each believes and obeys. It will not be asked in a future state—who is of this, or of that persuasion, but who is a meek and lowly follower of a crucified Redeemer.

10th Month, 6th, 1826.

The enjoyments of my mind of late are like the dew-drops of the morning, precious, but few and scattering; resting lightly and almost imperceptibly upon the tender plants.

'The gentle dews, distilled from heaven,
Revive the drooping flower;
So Godlike piety was given
To soothe the mournful hour.'

This precious enjoyment, in the secret of the mind, is the only sure consolation of a grief-worn heart, this will support the soul in sickness and affliction when all the powers of earth fail to afford comfort, or to mitigate the pains of the body.

I am thankful for the least crumb of the bread of Life, but I must wait for an increase, in the cool sequestered shades of silence and mental retirement, where true happiness is only to be found. My dear

brother felt it to be so, when on his death bed, after earnestly entreating his family to prepare for eternity, he said—'I want to be alone in some corner, where I can be still, and meditate upon these things.'

11th Month, 10th.

In the early part of my sickness I often thought my mind and body comparable to a small boat on the boisterous ocean, subject to constant changes, one hour in a general calm, and perhaps the next in excessive agitation, tossed by the tempest upon the mountainous billows, and apparently ready to be swallowed up by the next bursting wave. It has really appeared as though my slender bark was often so far sunk beneath the foaming waves of disease and pain, as to leave no prospect of again rising. I am somewhat revived just now, and I am bound in gratitude to acknowledge that although my body remains thus changeable, my mind has for a long time enjoyed a uniform calm.

14th. This world affords us no resting place, unless our souls are at peace with the Lord; then may we wear away the appointed number of our days with gladness, seeing that the expiration of each advances the time when we are to tread the hallowed courts above, where unalloyed rest shall be secured to those who have faithfully served their Sovereign Lord. How incomprehensible the enjoyment of his open presence, and that of the Angelic host, when even a glance of his countenance fills the heart with such unspeakable peace. Nothing short of this enjoyment, and a preparation for its completion hereafter, is worth living for.

Some say that what we imagine we enjoy is a mere delusion, for which some natural cause may be assigned. I am confident that it is no more a delusion than are the heavens and the earth, and all the visible creation. If there is an earth, there is a heaven; if a mortal on earth, there is an invisible, Almighty, superintending Power existing in heaven, and pervading unlimited space; and as certain as there is either, there is a precious, free communion between the spirit of God and the soul of man. It is there he makes known to us our duty, and if we neglect it, we are in danger of unbelief, for, 'as many as are led by the spirit of God, they are the sons of God.'

When I have been unwatchful and inattentive to my duty, these things have appeared of less importance, and these enjoyments of less value; which proves that a darkness of mind, caused by unfaithfulness, induces us to doubt Divine truths. It is His spirit alone that can unseal the Sacred Volume to our understanding and instruction.

Oh, that I could win others to "come, taste and see that the Lord is good." "Blessed is the man that trusteth in him." But it is not for me to say that my thorny path is continually illuminated by his glorious presence, far otherwise."

The latter part of autumn she was again brought very low in body and mind, and remained so through the winter; yet she occasionally used her pencil, and afterward, at the request of some of her friends, and by the help of her pencilled notes, she wrote the following account of her sufferings:

"I was so extremely ill, that it is astonishing to me that I could write any during the winter, but it did appear as though I was fitted for that exertion when I could bear no other, not even speaking. I feel totally unable to convey any real idea of what I then suffered —and all I can say seems but a very faint description; but oh! those heart-aching scenes cannot be reviewed without thrilling every nerve. When the violence of pain subsided, faintness, or spasms came on, and at times heavy agues shook me. I once lay several hours motionless and speechless, yet in great agony, as if nature was struggling to survive the attack, but had no power. My reason for a time forsook me, and after I revived, my debility was so much increased that for several days it seemed almost impossible to survive from hour to hour. After a few days of temporary relief, I was again seized with a similar turn, but not quite as helpless or speechless, so that my distress was more visible. D. S. Roberts says they thought me in the cold embrace of death most of the night; such universal coldness, that constant friction and warm applications did not warm me until near morning. The seat of life was convulsed, and respiration almost ceased, yet such a struggle for breath that every part of the body was exerted to the utmost, until my muscular strength would entirely give out, and a sinking turn follow—and then another struggle. Thus passed that dreadful night, my friends being called to witness, as they thought, the last conflict; but, alas! little did they or I know how long their wearied patience was to be

tried, and dread suspense to hang around us! I do not remember the state of my mind, but only that my father conversed with me.

Soon after this, another night was spent in as great distress of body, and attended with the greatest mental conflict I ever experienced. No tongue can tell, nor heart conceive, the depth of it, except by experience; and I am ready to think a uniformly illuminated mind, if such there be, would consider it impossible that a heart which had been changed, could be the receptacle of such deep distress, such horror and black despair, as then filled my breast. I feared that I had indulged false hopes of a change of heart, and oh, how insupportable my situation! racked with pains which threatened every moment to demolish my earthly tenement, and fix my soul for ever and ever in an unchangeable state of torment, what would I not have done to avoid, and to induce all to avoid such dreadful despondency, even for a short time! What would I not sacrifice during the longest life, to be redeemed hereafter from such misery in a future state.

The experience of that season has enabled me to feel for the wicked, the inattentive and desponding, more than all that I had ever before experienced, and has more frequently drawn me to the Holy Altar, in supplication on their behalf, than all the peace and exalted joys that I have known. It was then I felt the need of unmerited mercy—the need of redemption by the Lamb of God; and the need of the united intercessions of surrounding friends. My own were constantly and

fervently offered, but "the heavens seemed like brass and the earth like iron;" and the ear of the Eternal One deafened.

I remember that I had no ray of light or hope, except a fixed resolution to spend my whole strength to the last in supplicating and wrestling for mercy whether accepted or rejected. As Jacob wrestled until the morning light for the blessing, so did my fainting soul; and may I never cease to praise the everlasting Arm of mercy for again lifting me from the horrible pit, and setting my feet upon the banks of deliverance; and putting a new song into my mouth, even thanksgiving and hallelujahs to the Lamb that was slain, and liveth forever. Before the morning light the great deep was broken up, and the dry land appeared, and my soul was fixed in a firm dependence upon the Rock of Ages. I am now thankful that I have drank of the bitter draughts of punishment, as well as of the pool of his living waters, so that I am prepared to sympathise with every class, and convinced by experience of the awful terror and dismay of the soul under the frowns and absence of the Lord of Hosts.

I remained very low for months. For four weeks together I could not be moved to have my bed made, and sometimes could not even be turned in bed for several days. Once, for six days, if an attempt was made to turn me, my breath seemed to vanish like a breath of air; but at the end of that time I revived and asked to be turned, and though it was done very slowly and carefully I felt as though the world was turning in-

stead of me. The debility was on my vitals, or motion would not have affected me as it did.

The suspense, and constant expectation of death rather wearied my mind, and I was often shocked by frequent changes, not knowing but it might be a death change, the natural dread of which was not entirely removed; and if ever so welcome a release, still retains its awe and solemnity.

In first Month, 1827, I had a severe attack of influenza, by which my lungs were so much affected that the cough and tightness was not wholly removed for two years. Within a few hours after the first symptoms appeared, I was threatened with suffocation from a collection of phlegm, similar to the hives, which I had not strength to raise. I felt a constant irritation and inclination to cough, but was so weak that I could seldom make the effort. I remained in this situation for four days, when the medicine I had taken caused me to vomit for six or eight hours, which relieved me though I was so exhausted as scarcely to be able to breathe. The cough and tightness of the chest continued for weeks, and I often lay in a cold sweat for hours from severe distress, and a death-like feeling, arising from what the doctors called strictures on my lungs. About this time D. S. Roberts burnt her hand very seriously, and I was obliged to have another nurse for some months, but I was so low that it was thought imprudent to leave me with those who from not being accustomed to it could not understand me; and to those dear friends who then stayed with us I am still truly grate-

ful. May each friend and physician who has aided me in my sufferings, be an hundred times rewarded, and when stretched upon a painful or helpless couch, receive redoubled kindness, and be soothed as they have soothed me.

In retracing by-gone years, and calling to mind the many changes I have been carried through, by the same hand that still upholds me, and has not wearied with my many infirmities, I feel the strongest assurance that he will not now forsake, but remain to be an everlasting refuge—a God of mercy and love. 'The Lord hath chastened me sore; but he hath not given me over unto death:'—

'I will praise thee, for thou hast heard me, and art become my salvation.' "—118*th Psalm.*

After this attack of influenza, she remained so low for nearly a year as to be unable to use her pencil; but, about the close of the year she was favored with a mitigation of pain and a little renewal of strength, so that occasionally in the winter and summer of 1828, she wrote a few lines at a time during the latter part of the night when a profound silence reigned throughout the house. The following extracts belong to that period.

12th Month, 1st, 1827.

"A long confinement has ever appeared to me inexpressibly trying, and nothing short of the condescending mercies of Jehovah could have supported me thus far, nothing short of his power could have enabled me to submit patiently to it. I am humbly thankful that I am at times relieved from the severity of pain; and

for the charity and sympathy I received from many people; and I beg that they may be pardoned who do not exercise that tenderness towards me, for they know not what they do. May their hearts be softened.

2nd Month, 10th, 1828.

How solemn the lonely hours of night, when spent in sleepless retirement! It is my lot to pass a great part of them in this way, but not destitute of precious enjoyment. Such seasons afford a favorable opportunity to implore the mercy of Omnipotence, and to contemplate the wonders of his glorious kingdom. We cannot hide from his all-searching eye; and if we could we should find no rest, for sin will unceasingly carry its thorn with it; were the rocks and mountains permitted to cover us, the sting of sin would still pierce the unrepenting heart. May I then be preserved from a desire to conceal, or indulge one idle thought, word, or deed, but spend each moment as though his eye was visibly upon me. The dead silence of the midnight hour is particularly calculated to draw forth the soul to its Maker, and cause it to feel naked, and fall prostrate before him.

12th. How great a privilege to be able to do without disturbing the repose of others, whether I sleep or not; for more than half my illness I have been dependent upon others to take care of me during the night; and it is marvellous what willingness, what kindness and affection they have manifested. Some poor sufferers have wanted more care than was thought necessary,

while I, no more worthy, have wished to be left alone, but my friends would not consent. I now often suffer for attention, as I am unable to adjust my bed clothes, and often become faint by trying to get drink or food that is within my reach; but I carefully avoid letting it be known, for fear they will not leave me in future.

[Extract of a Letter to her Sister.]

2nd Month, 15th, 1828.

"My very dear Sister.

Thou wilt probably recognize my hand writing with some surprise, it is so long since thou hast seen it; I think more than two and a half years. I have several times attempted to write to thee, but failed in strength and capacity; though I well know that any thing is acceptable from a sister.

Amidst great sufferings and surrounding trials, I consider it an especial favor that none of my friends are as helpless, dependent, and distressed as myself. My sickness, has been long and severe, but through mercy, in some measure abated at present. I often fear my improvement is not in proportion to my trials; if it were it would be all sufficient—all I could wish. Such peculiar providences as this are not without a design; nor do I believe they are merely for the individuals who suffer, but for the good of others also. Thou wilt perceive that I am not as low, nor in such extreme pain, all the time, this winter as last; and do not as of-

ten appear unable to survive from one hour to another, though I do occasionally. I have never experienced more severe pain than about a week since, and at times I am as low as ever, but as it is not constantly the case I can bear it better. A partial mitigation, even for an hour, is a great favor; may we humbly and fully appreciate our many blessings. I can just lift my head from the pillow, and use my hands a little, but cannot turn myself in bed, nor adjust the clothes around me. This denotes a sensible increase of strength in my frame, but my pulse and vital strength do not gain much yet; consequently the little strength I have is soon exhausted by pain, or by a few minutes exertion, even by this. I am truly thankful that I can spend many nights without disturbing the repose of any one, but frequently need some one the most of the time with me.

Thy affectionate sister,

C. SEELY."

[Reply to the foregoing Letter.]

NEW-YORK, MARCH 6th, 1828.

"DEAR SISTER.

With great pleasure I received a line from you, and was much surprised when I saw it was your own hand writing. But it gave me inexpressible satisfaction to see that you are once more able to write. Another letter would be very pleasing were it not that I fear the exertion would be too much for your strength. I can-

not be thankful enough that you are better, and for the favors bestowed upon us all. I thought as I read yours, is it possible you are able to hold a pen and guide it? Had I been told a year ago that you would ever write another line, I should not have believed it possible; but you are in the hand of a merciful Father, who has spared your life through a long and painful sickness, and many trials, and it yet may please him to raise you again to a comfortable state of health. This does not look more improbable than it did a year ago that you would live until this time. Nothing is impossible with the Almighty that he sees meet to do.—

Your truly affectionate sister.

P. R."

Soon after her letter was written Catharine adds—"I began to write with pen and ink about this time, which was a greater exertion than to use a pencil, but either increased my sufferings almost every time I attempted it. Yet my inclination to employ my hands in something, whenever I could move them, was so great that unless extreme debility, or Deborah's care prevented, I kept my pencil under my pillow, and when alone would draw it down and write a line or two at a time, at the risk of fainting, which I often did in consequence of it. My sufferings were still constant and often severe, yet I now began to write a little, and use my scissors a minute at a time for amusement during the lonely sleepless hours of night. As I slept none after twelve

or two o'clock, and often not at all, my taper lamp, pen and scissors were my only company. These amusements cost me many sick days, although I rest between almost every line, yet if life is prolonged I cannot but hope that I shall be permitted to help myself more, and consequently be more independent, and less burdensome. But hush aspiring wishes! there is no stopping place in wanting favors.

2nd Month, 20th.

It is said that 'safety dwells remote from multitude.' But is it often found there? Our adversary is as busy in private as in the throng, and if he diverts the mind from useful meditations, his end is as completely gained as if by a crowd of business in the public haunts of men; so that safety dwells no where but in Divine preservation.

3rd Month, 24th.

A part of the winter I have appeared to gain strength during intervals of severe pain, and consequently have indulged too much expectation of returning health, but oh, how soon the stern hand of disease again bows all pertaining to humanity! I need no flattering language from friends or physicians to raise my hopes and spirits, my own disposition is prone to do this beyond any real grounds of encouragement, and nothing short of Divine grace can guard me from the fault. Cheerfulness was natural to me in health, and now it is my duty not only to submit patiently, but cheerfully to my lot, by the assistance of Him who requires it. When

it is said that I am patient, it uniformly strikes my mind—what cause have I to be otherwise?

4th Month, 20th.

With the hope that I may reap instruction from it if I should fall into the same error again, I note the following. Sometime since, I had for a while thought myself so unworthy, destitute, and vile, that I almost concluded that it was wrong for me to call upon the Lord for mercy or preservation. Though I felt my danger to be unusually great, I did not dare to pray, and in this awful fear, not knowing what would be my doom I fell asleep. I thought I was placed on the side of a high steep hill, surrounded by a vast extent of miry swamp and briers. That I hung by a few slender twigs which I caught hold of, but my strength was so far spent that I expected every moment to fall into the abyss below, where I must inevitably perish. I then found confidence to call upon him whom I had thought too pure to hear my defiled petition, who put forth his hand and supported me in that perilous path. I have never in my waking hours felt greater thankfulness for preservation, or any outward mercies, than at that time. My path in life is in reality difficult and dangerous as that appeared, and to omit my utmost exertions, or to let go my hold upon the slender twigs of faith, I should be in imminent danger of sinking into the depths of ruin.

5th Month, 22nd, 1828.

A great part of the solemn season of the long winter nights, was spent in wakefulness, and often occu-

pied in reviewing my own spiritual situation, and that of others, as far as they were opened to me; and in imploring the Shepherd of Israel to revisit his flock, and refresh them with green pastures. In the more laborious exercises there are enjoyments not often attained in a relaxed and easy state of mind. We are prone to wish for still waters, but the troubled waves are less dangerous than stupidity.

My opinion is confirmed by long experience, that to endure protracted sickness with meekness, requires more fortitude, patience, perseverance and resignation, than any public duties, afflictions or privations in health. Hannah More beautifully expresses this view of the subject; she says—'If the intellectual powers be mercifully preserved, how many virtues may now be brought into exercise, which have either lain dormant, or been considered of inferior worth in the prosperous days of activity. The christian temper indeed seems to be that part of religion which is more peculiarly to be exercised on a sick bed. The passive virtues, the least brilliant but the most difficult, are then particularly called into action. To suffer the whole will of God, on the tedious bed of languishing, is more trying than to perform the most shining exploits on the theatre of the world.'"

6th Month.

The chastening Hand has again been laid heavily upon me, sealing the force of the last sentence—in which is included the mental as well as physical suf-

ferings we may be called to endure. Within the last six weeks, I have drank of both these bitter cups; pain and languishing were not the whole will of God; the desertion, I cannot say darkness, which I experienced when very low, alarmed me lest my flight should be in the winter season. I felt my own insufficiency even to think one good thought, or to raise an aspiration to heaven; nor could I call to mind, or claim one promise of the Sacred Volume, until sister named one,—"He will lay no more upon us than he will enable us to bear"—which was the very one my sufferings had almost led me to doubt. What a consoling privilege, what a mercy, in such trying seasons, to find that the dear friends who surround our beds, are the friends and followers of the blessed Saviour! It is true that "no man can redeem his brother, nor give to God a ransom for his soul;" but the great work of repentance, regeneration and redemption must be accomplished between Him and our own souls. He has promised to hear fervent petitions, and who does not sometimes feel the need of having the frail mind stirred up by way of remembrance, particularly when too weak to collect the thoughts, with approaching eternity before us. Then some pious counsel may help to cheer the desponding heart, and centre the wandering mind upon the Rock of Ages. We are all willing, perhaps, to be useful in our own way and time; but are we willing to be so in the Lord's way and time? If so we must seek to know his will, and to be qualified by faithful obedience to answer his requiring.

Here the question involuntarily arises—into whose hands are the means of usefulness most frequently placed? Who is the most frequently called to witness scenes of sorrow and death? Is it not the physician? The pious minister is occasionally seated by the languishing beds of a part of the community with messages of love; but the physician's call is to friend and stranger; to the destitute, friendless and profane, in the depths of adversity. When the mind is softened by affliction, it is the most susceptible of divine instruction; and when every token of sympathy, or consoling word, is a cordial to the soul, if received from those who are administering the cup of hopeful relief, it increases the confidence. How vastly important then that they be men of God, and willing instruments in his hand; seeking his aid, and immediate direction in the treatment of cases where the lives of their patients are put into their hands. And asking wisdom to administer the balm of consolation and instructcion to the bleeding soul, and to bind up the broken heart.

Then would they be Samaritans indeed; whose labors would be crowned with success, and whose minds would be richly rewarded with the blessing of heavenly peace."

1st Month, 14th, 1829.

"Oh, Thou, by whom we come to God,
The light, the life, the way,
Thyself the path of prayer hast trod,
Lord teach us how to pray!"

This prayerful feeling is not at our command—is not always given. Be pleased, adorable Father, to remove from my heart all hardness, selfishness, and every thing that is opposed to thee; and purify and fit me for thy service. Direct all things according to thy will and pleasure, and in mercy prepare me for whatever is before me, whether sickness, sorrow, life, or death. Deal with me, I entreat thee, according to thy tender mercies and loving kindness, and not according to my merits. I thank thee for making me sensible that afflictions are for my good."

Soon after C. Seely was confined to her bed, her beloved cousin, Deborah S. Roberts, proved the strength of her attachment and tender sympathy, by relinquishing her home and every youthful enjoyment for the sake of attending upon her afflicted relative, to whom she supplied the place of mother, sister, and nurse, as far as it was possible for one person to do so, until her own health sank beneath the weight of her cares—never again to be fully restored. It was about the 1st of 8th Month, 1828, that D. S. R. was taken with a bilious remittent fever—went home, and was not able to visit Catharine in several months; to whom the time of her absence proved a season of the most painful anxiety, suspense, and privations, that she had ever experienced. Those who were present at the hour of parting, describe it as a heart-rending scene, and believe that it contributed not a little to increase the illness of both.

In writing, some time afterward, upon the subject, C. S. says:

"The trial, which, of all others, I most dreaded, now came upon me, and was even greater than I had anticipated. I had not imagined the extent of my additional sufferings in consequence of Deborah's absence. The only one left to take a mother's care of a helpless sufferer, was then removed--no one to maintain a uniform quiet, when my scanty breath was sinking; and no one whose influence could still the noise about the house, when it was aggravating my trembling nerves. Alas, what anguish then was mine! Mysterious Providence, how hast thou led me through the deep, and permitted the turbid billows to break over my fainting head! and yet thou preservest me alive, but for what purpose, weak, finite mortals cannot define. Thou only knowest, or can mark the bounds of that which is to come; but in vain do I live, if I add not to the honor of thy sacred name—contribute not to the relief or consolation of some desponding fellow-sufferer.

Preserve me, I beseech thee, most holy Father, from wasting the precious time allowed me—help me to be unceasingly grateful that the present time is more favored than those agonising days—and that the untold afflictions which then attended me are removed; and enable me, in an especial manner, to appreciate the blessing of having my Deborah to reside again with me in improving health.

DARIEN, 6th Month, 6th, 1829.

MY DEAR NIECE:

The deep interest I feel in thy welfare induces me to take my pen, though scarcely able to use it, and still

less to say any thing interesting. I have thought much of thee during thy absence, and know it must be trying to be so long absent from home; yet I ever believed it possible to conform our minds to what we are convinced is best for us; and I am pleased that thou hast used so much judgment and discretion while circumstances render it best. Thou art under the same protecting power there as here, and He will direct thy steps in wisdom, if thou wilt look unto Him. Thy duty to Him and to thy own soul ought to claim the first and greatest share of thy attention; reflect, morning and evening, and frequently during the day, whether thou art acting in conformity to the Divine will; and whenever thou art going any where, or about to do any thing, whether it is best, and whether thou wouldst do it if thou knew thy life was near a close. There is a right and a wrong in every thing. Thou art, my dear, surrounded by the gay scenes of life; but they are fleeting and of short duration; and be assured, that all the affluence, pleasures and gratifications of the world cannot afford real happiness, or lasting satisfaction to the mind; they flee from sickness, and vanish at the approach of death. Life and health are as uncertain to every one as to me; and a constant endeavor so to live, that we may meet the future without remorse, will not lessen but highly increase the pleasant enjoyment of life, and will not hinder us from paying all necessary attention to temporal concerns, for that is also our duty. He who gave his life a ransom for us, does not require that we should think constantly of Him; but claims the

first place in our thoughts, the strongest of our affections.

It would not be my wish, by any means, that thou should be debarred the proper indulgences of youth, such as dress and company, at a suitable age; but I do solicit thee ever to avoid the extremes of them. A delicate taste and neatness in dress is more admired than much gaiety; remember what thy dear father said on this subject.

Thou art with tender and interested friends. I feel grateful to thy uncle and aunt for their paternal care of thee, which demands thy gratitude and attention; and as thou art young and unacquainted with the world, thou must consult them in every thing. Whenever it is convenient I shall be pleased to receive a letter from thee. My health has been better this spring, but I still have severe ill turns; and though my sufferings have abated, they are greater than any have an idea of who do not see me. I still believe they are permitted by unerring wisdom for some good, but to me unknown purpose, except to turn my mind from the present to the future, and to shew us the limited power of man.

Thy affectionate aunt,

C. SEELY.

In the early part of 9th Month, 1829, I was first informed of dear Eliza Field's sickness, which was comparable to finding a sister in a wilderness, or a strange land, where no one could understood our language, or

comprehend our feelings by merely seeing us. But she can, and does, by painful experience, realize the keenness of my sufferings, and fathom the depth of my affliction altogether. Gladly would I have endured these alone, and have often interceded that none might be similarly afflicted; yet if there are such sufferers, it seems a heavenly boon to me to participate in every sorrow and every joy with them. For joys unutterable are surely mingled with the sorrows of the lingering, painful couch of all who, through faith and obedience, accept the emancipation purchased by the blood of the Lamb immaculate, who binds up the broken heart, and crowns the disconsolate, contrite spirit with the diadem of peace. Oh, how precious that peace, amid the conflicting scenes, when the heavy hand of disease produces a struggle, as it were, between life and death, when agonizing pain is apparent y rending soul and body asunder; then, then it is, that we are fully qualified to prize this peace, which the world can neither give, nor take from us. Then it is, that an interest in Christ, our dear Redeemer, is of incalculably more value than the gold of Ophir. My frequent petition, not only for myself, but for my friends, is, that we may gain the Pearl of great price, and through redeeming grace be fully prepared for an admission into the mansions of everlasting rest, where He who offered himself a sacrifice for us, is set down at the right hand of the Father, as mediator and intercessor for our admittance."

On the death of her father, after a short but severe illness, she writes thus to her absent friends:

10th Month, 2nd, 1829.

"My beloved Brother and Sisters:

"This is a solemn hour; but I feel bound to inform you that I can, and do, sincerely rejoice in God our Saviour. All that I asked has been granted me, except your presence. Our dear invaluable father left this world this morning, and I fully believe has left all trouble and sorrow, and gone to a home of endless rest. I was taken in to see him last night, and have been told that he said this morning he was fully resigned, and did not wish to live through the day, but prayed that the time might be short. They say he passed away without any struggle, quiet and easy, as if going to sleep. I had earnestly made these three requests—that he might be resigned—might go easy, and that I might be permitted to see him yesterday; and I am humbled in gratitude, that through Divine mercy they were fully answered; and that the arm of Omnipotence is evidently extended for our support. In this unfathomable trial, a flow of Divine love and consolation has thus far afforded me that support in the midst of sorrow, debility and pain, which no human power could give. I mention these circumstances as evidence of the continued love and care of Him who permits afflictions to rest upon us, not for evil, but to wean us from this world, and turn our minds to a preparation for the future."

Extracts from a letter addressed by D. S. Roberts, to the Compiler of this Memoir, who was not at that time personally acquainted with C. Seely, but had written to

her for the purpose of obtaining information respecting the peculiar features of her case, will, perhaps, give a better idea of the intensity of her sufferings than can be gleaned from her own memoranda:—It is dated,

DARIEN, 2nd Month, 8th, 1830.

"RESPECTED FRIEND:—

"The request of my dear and affectionate cousin, C. S., combined with the sympathy I feel for thy similarly afflicted sister, induces me, at this time, to address one to whom I am but partially known, in answer to thy favor of the 3rd inst. to C. S. who is unable to reply to it herself. Her exquisite sufferings, and extreme debility required the unabated attention of an interested friend; and as her sisters were all married, I considered it best, and necessary to turn my attention closely to her case, which I did for four years, only leaving her one night in that time. In the early part of her sickness, noise, light, or the least stir in the room, so distressingly affected her, that for a great part of the time I sat alone by her bed, without admitting any company, except occasionally a particular friend.

"I of course, had the best opportunity of any one, to know what she endured; and should I attempt to describe her sufferings, language would fail to set them forth, and none but those who have either experienced, or witnessed, as peculiar a case, could either comprehend, or believe it possible for human nature to survive but a small part of what she has endured. She has often been reduced so low that, for days together, no individual but myself could understand a word that she

uttered. She knew not when she needed food, nor how much to take, but I gave it to her when I thought best, and in such quantities as I thought proper. She had no natural tone to her stomach, and took no animal food for a great length of time—panada and arrowroot being her principal diet while so low. Her diseases were so complicated, that when one bad symptom abated, another quite as discouraging would ensue; and if the medicine administered had a favorable effect upon some of the most obstinate diseases, it often irritated her nerves to an almost insupportable degree. Severe pain in her head, eyes, back and side, with distressing sickness at her stomach, (though she seldom vomited) constituted but a part of her sufferings. She obtained but little rest or sleep during the night—tried anodynes without much effect, and a small quantity of opium would often produce such faintness that it appeared unsafe to give it; but by taking the extract of hyosyamus several days in succession, it would sometimes allay the most acute pain in her head, and procure rest when every other remedy failed. She was afflicted with frequent spasms in different parts of the system; and for nearly a year constantly had spasms in one side, as frequent as her breath. For two years or more, she was subject to turns as indescribable as peculiar, lying for hours apparently insensible to every thing, though noise would then distress her more than at any other time. It was neither sleep nor faintness, but a little similar to both, and appeared like an entire exhaustion of nature. We could scarcely perceive her breath, and a stranger

would have thought life had ceased. It was very unusual for her to have these turns during the night, but I remember being called up once or twice by those who watched with her, and were not particularly acquainted with her symptoms, who thought she had suddenly expired. She said she recollected nothing at these times but distress, and the time appeared to her as if it had not been. Her physicians tried various remedies to dispel and prevent them, but to no effect; yet the turns of extreme faintness which attended her, were far more distressing than these, in which it often appeared as if nature would sink, in opposition to every effort.

I believe I have now mentioned the most conspicuous symptoms of dear Catharine's long protracted illness, which was attended with a great variety of other difficulties; all of which she bore with such remarkable patience and composure that it diffused a sweetness and serenity over her countenance. Her entire dependence has been on Him whom she has found to be "mighty, and able to save." For about two years past her sufferings have gradually abated—medicine has had more effect, and her strength has increased beyond our expectations, yet she continues subject to very ill turns, though less frequent, and not often so severe as formerly. My own indisposition prohibits me from seeing her at this season of the year. Having witnessed such a train of sufferings as has been permitted to arrest my dear cousin, and having since been reduced below much prospect of recovery myself, has prepared me to sympathise deeply with those who are languishing on a

suffering bed, even more than I can express. Although the sympathy of our friends, or the tender affection of our relatives, cannot mitigate pain, yet it often serves as a balm to the afflicted mind; but nothing short of Divine consolation can support, when all external objects afford no enjoyment.

Catharine has been able the most of the winter to sit in a chair long enough to have her bed made, which is considered very smart for her. I think for more than two years she could not raise her head from her pillow, turn herself in bed, nor bear sufficient light in the room to clearly discern different objects; neither could she speak above a whisper, nor bear to hear any person's voice, but now, when most comfortable, she can speak a few words at a time with her voice; and we really have some flattering hopes of her recovery."

By turning again to her diary, we find the following observations:

1st Month, 6th, 1830.

I have for sometime omitted the use of the pen, mostly because I considered its productions of too little worth to preserve, but would at this moment value the relation of many occurrences and exercises of the past year, which I cannot now minutely recollect and describe, I have felt a diffidence in recording some impressions which have deeply affected my mind, knowing it was possible for me to be mistaken and secretly indulging the hope that they might not be realized, but have invariably experienced to my admiration that they

were in mercy intended to prepare my mind for future trials.

6th Month, 1830.

"I earnestly implore divine assistance, in attending to the impressions on my mind, however small which I may clearly feel to be of divine origin. No one, I presume, has had greater cause to believe in the immediate communication of the Almighty to the human mind than I have. If I should doubt this I should be an unbeliever in every point; for when I have attended to these impressions I have always felt satisfaction for it, but the most severe regret and condemnation for neglecting them. Never shall I forget how clearly my beloved father's decease and the attending circumstances were presented to my mind for months previous to his death. It is a grievous truth that I am now an orphan; I can no longer find shelter under the protecting arms of an indulgent father and mother; their love and partiality can no longer cover the faults, inconsistences and weakness of my mind, and my conduct in life; neither can they shelter my homeless head, console my desponding mind, or administer relief to my pained and emaciated body; yet I can place my dependence upon one whom I know to be a merciful and able Protector, and who I believe, will, in his own time, afford succor.

It sometimes appears strange to me that so useless a life as mine should be so marvellously prolonged, and I am almost ready to fear that others have reason to

regret it, but am I to blame? If I have at any time been too anxious to live, I ask pardon of Him, who, I believe, knows I had no desire for life, but to feel fully prepared when it should be his will to take me to himself.

1st Month, 12th, 1831.

How illuminating to the dark tribulated path of life are the rays of the Sun of Righteousness! The life which would be dreary without it, is made pleasant by this supernatural light; and without it I should often sink into discouragement under the complicated trials and scenes of sorrow which are continually my lot. A few months since a valuable minister, E. G. observed to me in an encouraging testimony, that the three children in the fiery furnace were unexpectedly presented before her mind in allusion to me. She said, "of a certainty though the furnace be seven times heated, and thou in the midst, the flames shall not kindle upon thee, nor scorch the hem of thy garment; the guardian angel of his presence will be with thee and bring thee forth unhurt, and He, who also preserved the children of Israel in the Red Sea, will divide the waters that thou may pass through dry shod." For months I had been extremely tried on every hand, in outward concerns, but felt unparalleled support from a divine source. Oh! how true that the waters were divided and stood in heaps, for unless they had been, I should surely have been overwhelmed, as no human aid was sufficient at that time.

When E. G. was here my trials seemed rather less,

but soon the clouds gathered with increased heaviness, and I was again tried as to a hair's breadth, when in one sleepless night "the furnace" was presented as my present case. Then the force of her language (which I firmly believe was divinely authorized) did strongly encourage me. No finite hand could have supported me under such trials, but an Infinite hand did shield me, and when he saw me sufficiently purified from any will or choice of my own, and fitted for his purpose, he withdrew me unhurt, and rejoicing in his power and goodness. I did not ask, in the deepest trials, that the flames should be quenched, but only that they might not kindle upon me; and for ability to bear all with christian fortitude and resignation, and to act my part with wisdom and discretion.

Although we cannot do any thing for ourselves, we have a part to act, without which we shall not be saved. Good and evil are set before us, and the power of choice given to us; if we to the end of life, choose the good, it will be well with us; but if we choose the evil, it will be the reverse. I see no safety but in constant watchfulness and prayer to Almighty God, to guard and protect me on every side, and that I may not be left to myself.

I feel that the final change may be near—but if I have yet a work to do on earth, my life will be prolonged; if not, I think I am more than willing on my own account to go hence. I feel an earnest desire to be in some degree useful to a few of my friends, to my sisters, and especially to my only brother and his fami-

ly; also to my long proved friend, my dearest cousin D. S. Roberts. We have been united in such a way that I think even death will not long separate us."

This impression of C. Seely's like very many others she has recorded, was fully verified; for she and her beloved cousin died within five days of each other.

5th Month, 8th, 1831.

"Every thing around me is fluctuating and uncertain—nothing permanent but sorrow, pain, and trials; they, or a course of them, are as certain to me as the return of the sun. If I am attached to the world it is without any pleasing inducement, for I have neither a flattering prospect of health, wealth, nor a smooth path to walk in; but one which is thickly strewed with briers and thorns, and impassable mountains, without supernatural strength. The Almighty sees and knows all my troubles, and probably permits them, to prove my confidence; but in his tender mercy gives strength and patience to endure all that he permits to befal me. If, by our neglecting to watch over ourselves, the enemy induces us to make a mis-step, he permits us to suffer, for the purpose of showing us our deficiencies, helplessness, and dependence upon Him. Every trial binds me more closely to Him, and increases praise and honor in my heart to his eternal name. Oh, how earnestly do I beg to be preserved from dishonoring the cause which I profess to espouse.

In unmerited mercy and condescension, I am often enabled to feel within myself what is right, and

what is wrong in cases of doubt and uncertainty with regard to temporal concerns. Whenever I am about to make any choice or change, I seldom dare to do it until I feel a secret guide in my own mind; and if, when the way is made clear, I attend to that, I always succeed to my satisfaction, even when it is opposite to my own inclination; but if I go counter to it, I ever find myself in the wrong. The trying season is when I am in uncertainty as to what is, or is not my duty, Then do I wrestle, as did one of old, with the Lord to make known to me my proper path.

I often wish, but wish in vain, for seclusion from the world—its observation, tumults, cares and perplexities, but it is not yet practicable—perhaps not right; for though I seem to be secluded from the busy haunts of life, I am often called to act, through agents, on its stage. My various trials are increased by a prospect of becoming, in some measure dependent upon others for support, which to me is a keener affliction than pain of body. If I remain sick, and my expenses are as great as they now are, my property can hold out but a few years longer, and for this reason, I have, with the assistance of my nurse, kept a very small dry goods store, for a year past; but many difficulties attend, so that I have made it a subject of prayer, whether to continue it or not.

21st. My dear Redeemer is more and more precious, I lack strength to commemorate his praise. Peace and tranquility are now granted me, and all, I believe, is well."

She then gives a circumstantial account of one of her low sinking turns, in which she suffered extremely, for several days, with faintness; and for want of a nurse who knew how to attend upon her at such a time; D. S. R. being confined at home with sickness.

She then adds—"Oh, how I miss D. on such occasions, but in humble reverence I must acknowledge that the Shepherd of Israel was with me, and comforted me with a firm belief that if I was taken then I should experience a happy release, and find rest in the presence of my Saviour."

Soon after this a young man, who had formerly been intemperate, called with his father to have some conversation with her upon religious subjects; but through diffidence, and inability to raise her voice sufficiently for him to hear at the distance at which he sat, after a little conversation with the father, she let them depart without relieving her mind to the son, who died suddenly soon afterwards. The deep regret this circumstance occasioned will appear in the following paragraph, dated 7th Mo., 1831. "Oh, what condemnation does my soul feel at this hour! What can I render to the Lord for all his benefits but obedience, and this I have omitted or refused. I have repeatedly said require what thou wilt at my hands and it shall be freely offered; and now when a little was called for I have withheld it through diffidence and procrastination, and because I could see no benefit that would be likely to

arise from it; but now it is too late, and I feel condemned that I then hesitated because I saw not the cause. To-day I have heard of his death. Oh, when shall I cease to err; when shall I be as obedient as I ought to be? This circumstance brings to my mind one of the tenderest ties of nature, my dear father, whose lonely and desponding heart I omitted, as I thought, through incapacity, to cheer and encourage to the full relief of my own mind. Even now the remembrance of it overcomes me and no tongue can express, or pen portray my feelings on the subject.

If these imperfect sketches should ever come into the hands of others, may they serve as a warning to induce them to shun the rock upon which my peace has for a time been split. Oh, that I had language to persuade all the children of men to obey the voice of their heavenly Teacher, for in that they would have peace unspeakable, flowing as a river from the inexhaustible fountain, which maketh glad the whole city of Zion; but disobedience will yield confusion of face and greater distress than all the adverse vicissitudes of life. See then to yourselves, all ye that have gifts, that ye smother them not to your own condemnation, and the loss of others. Oh, that we could resign the desire of judging, into the hand of Him who is alone able to judge aright.

It is not for us to judge of the importance of our impressions of duty, or of their use, but to do the work daily set before us, whether greater or smaller, and the

reward will follow. And it will have its effect whether we ever know it or not."

In consequence of the reduced state of the society in that neighborhood, a very small meeting, consisting of only a few individuals, was held in her room twice in a week with but a few interruptions, for the last ten years of her life. Her father's and uncle's families were the only members, though occasionally some of the neighbors would step in, or visiters from a distance sit down with them. After her father's decease, and her step-mother's removal, and at a time when her cousins were prevented by sickness from attending the mid-week meeting, she addressed the following letter to them.

7th Month, 1st, 1831.

" DEAR COUSINS:—

The letters of females are said to be the pure effusions of the heart, and these communications from one sick bed to another may truly be styled so. As our minds are too apt to be wholly taken up with that which we are personally engaged in, it becomes necessary to set apart some time in which temporal employment shall not interrupt devotion. And when anything occurs that others cannot sit with me, or they are prevented from coming to meetings, I do not feel as if this time was entirely my own to spend thoughtlessly; though I believe it to be perfectly right, when *necessary*, to attend to other duties of life during the time usually spent in meeting. But we must not plead ne-

cessity when it is only to indulge in our own gratifications, or our too strong attachment to business, or a miscalculation in not arranging our business seasonably to have a spare hour or two for solid reflection. If we are disposed to be in the use of means, these means may be blessed to us. Meetings are a blessing of divine origin, and exercised minds generally feel it an incumbent duty to attend them, yet of themselves they can do nothing but open the way for us to do for ourselves, by the assistance of redeeming grace. The careless way in which they are too often attended, and the great proportion of empty, formal professors, compared with the number of really religious ones, are evidences that meetings are not the fountain, but the auxiliaries of good.

Now, sisters, we cannot arise and go to a house of public worship, to large assemblies, where is to be our meeting? Is it not in the secret of our own hearts, with the eternal Judge, the Author of every tender mercy, 'in whom we live, and move, and have our being,' both temporal and spiritual. No where is his love and presence felt more than on a sick bed--no where is there a larger field open for meditation, when favored with strength of mind, and clear mental faculties. But as this is not often the case long at a time, and the pain of the body will often interrupt meditation, it shews the necessity of improving the hours of mental health.

Were there no other enjoyments but the transitory pleasures of life and health, we, or at least I, should be

the most wretched of mortals; if none were afflicted but the most depraved, or those who finish their course in wickedness, without repentance, forgiveness and acceptance, we might be in total despair. But is there any temporal enjoyment equal to the heartfelt satisfaction of discharging our duty to God and man, and to our own souls; and of attending to the secret intimations of truth, however small, in our own hearts? These enjoyments I do not always have, for my frequent errings prevent it, but I have felt them enough to prize them above health, riches, honors, and all that the world contains; and have felt the reverse enough to know and dread the bitterness of neglected duty.

In prosperity we are apt to forget that repentance is the first step towards life eternal; and He who sees our wanderings like a tender parent, chastises to reclaim, reproves to instruct. And what are his chastisements? afflictions of every kind; the sickness we now endure is one, and is intended as a cord of love to draw us to himself; let us then yield to it, and improve by every dispensation of his providence either to ourselves or others.

Let us not consider all afflictions and privations, for we have ever participated deeply in each other's joys and sorrows, and I trust ever shall. But let us read, for our encouragement the 12th chapter of Hebrews. You are privileged to live together, so that when one suffers, the other, with a tender mother's assistance, can comfort and console, while I am left dependent on different persons, and to grieve for the absence of

each sister and near connection; not a mortal at this time within reach or call, still more to mourn over the irreparable loss of a dear father and mother. Oh, how heart-rendiug is this reflection! only consoled by the hope that they have gone to the Father of spirits, who will be a father to me, and that I am still favored with a brother and sisters, aunts and cousins, whose sympathy and care, and occasional visits, constitute a larger share of my temporal happiness than you are aware of. If ever one person was the means of prolonging the life of another, my beloved D. has prolonged mine, by affording that care and assistance without which I could not have existed. My friends, physicians and neighbors, were also instruments in the hand of the Almighty to preserve my life, and to my latest reflecting moments shall I feel the utmost gratitude, and make them a subject of my prayers, that they may be benefitted by such a lesson. And to him who thus kindly disposed their hearts do I feel inexpressibly grateful. My earnest solicitude now is, that your exertions may not be lost, as labors in rearing a useless plant.

May you soon feel the restorative hand, and may the overshadowing wing of divine Love, which I think is here, cover your minds, with your endeared mother, whom I this day miss.

Your affectionate sister-cousin,

C. SEELY."

7th Month, 19th, 1831.

"I am a poor creature, the weakest of the weak, and oh, how destitute and dependent I am; I cannot take one step of myself, and fear to remain stationary, lest when the present time is gone by I shall see that I ought to have advanced with it. I have been waiting the whole day for divine direction in a temporal circumstance, and it is often surprising to see in what minute, as well as important circumstances, I am followed with reproof and admonition. I am a child of the moment, often lying in a profuse perspiration while hesitating about my affairs, when it would be mortifying to have it observed by those around me; but even this affords a change and helps to fill up my time.

10th Month, 17th.

My pen has been silent for some time in consequence of severe pain, which has of late been abundant; and at others I have felt incapable of writing. When the pain in my back is somewhat relieved I can sit up a little, but for four days past it has been excruciating in my head, and my eyes and throat are often swollen with scrofula.

Soon after seven years of my confinement had passed away, I was dressed, and with the assistance of my brother and nurse walked a few steps without lasting injury. The idea of walking elated me so, that in a week I again requested others to assist me, who held my weight while I pushed my feet about two yards,

after which I lay exhausted for hours. The pain in my back and side again became severe, and in consequence of weakness and trembling it was several nights before I could get any rest. I felt discouraged because I could not bear as much exercise as many people thought I could: but after suffering exceedingly I resolved not to go again so much beyond my strength to convince others of the bad effects of over exertion upon me. All my friends, physicians, and nurses, who are fully acquainted with my case. oppose my trying so much to sit up and use exercise, but some who know nothing of my strength, or of peculiar diseases, think more exercise would do me good, yet I rarely pass a day with so little exercise as not to get very much fatigued, and frequently too much so to rest. It is so difficult to submit to entire confinement that I find my submission more deficient in this point than any other. Oh, Father, direct all things as thou wilt, only enable me to acquiesce.

To ——

DARIEN, 1st Month, 18th, 1832.

BELOVED FRIEND:

I have again taken my pen to address thee, though I would gladly excuse myself if an intercourse with my absent friends could be maintained without it. Letters from those I esteem help to render many a lonely hour

interesting; and by ascertaining the suffering situation of others, I am enabled not only to sympathize with them, but to feel that I am not the only one thus afflicted. When I hear of those who are innocent, virtuous, and far more worthy of the inestimable privilege of health than myself, being deprived of it, I feel forbidden to complain, and my aspiring wishes are silenced into the humble conclusion that it is good for me to be afflicted. As I read thy observation that in discouraging seasons dear Eliza sometimes expressed a fear that her faith and patience would fail; it brought my own similar feelings fresh to my mind, and some of a late date while suffering from an increase of painful symptoms. But my anxiety and fears were more on account of others than on my own, particularly in past years. Had I been dependent only upon an *own* mother and sisters for attention it is probably I should not have felt as I did, but I have often thought if I could know that patience and resignation would be given to others relative to me, it would be comparatively easy to bear my pains. The loss of a tender mother was never fully appreciated until this sickness; but while my dear D. S. R. could be with me, I had no need to take care of myself, or of any thing that was in her power to do. Tell Eliza she can only judge of my feelings towards D. by her own to her mother and sisters, for they have not exerted every effort for her comfort, more than she has for mine. My sisters do much for me, and would not leave me thus to different nurses were they not tied to families in which it would

be inconvenient for me to live. It is a satisfaction to have the sympathy of friends, yet I regret being a source of anxiety and solicitude to them; and feel unworthy the friendship I have received from many, very many, not only in this vicinity, but at Purchase, and elsewhere. I am truly thankful for this, and many undeserved favors. Would not life be a dreary waste without friendship, and friendship is fully proved by sickness and adversity.

Tell dear E. it is true that there is balm in Gilead, and I trust we do both often find our wounded souls healed by it, and cheered with the life-giving presence of Him who seeth in secret, and to whom we can resort without health, or human aid. How consoling the reflection that He sees us in our solitary seclusion, and most tried moments and is as able to support us now as at the first. My love to her and A. for whom I feel more than I can readily express.

I have become so much engaged in conversing with thee that it almost seems as if I were present with you, and I fear I shall exceed the bounds of prudence.

With much love, thine,

C. S."

Although personally unknown to each other, a similarity of disease and suffering constituted a bond of affection between C. Seely and her afflicted friend, Eliza Field, which was only dissolved by the death of the

former. And many were the messages of sympathetic interest and tender regard, that for years passed between them, as will be seen by the following extracts from a few of their letters:

7th Month, 1832.

"My Dear Eliza:

Thou art the frequent, the almost constant companion of my thoughts, and the objeet of my most tender sympathy. Experience alone can qualify any one to comprehend the extent of such sufferings as have been meted to us both. Although it is very interesting to me to hear the particulars of thy case, yet no description that I have received is as explanatory as referring to my own feelings, when very low, and considering thee in the same situation. Then do I feel for thee as for my own self; and though I would that no one should suffer as I have done, there is a singular satisfaction in knowing that my afflictions can be realized by one on earth. For years I thought myself a lonely being, destined by my heavenly Father to endure an invisible and singular degree of suffering, that none but He could comprehend; but when I heard of thy situation, and that of A. S. and A. H., I felt that I had company in a way I had never had before. Like thee, I felt a secret joy on hearing of the departure of A. S., believing she was purified by tribulation, and removed to rest. I am ready to say, when, oh, when will it be our lot? I think I know the celestial fountain, to which thou referred, to afford sweet refreshment when all

earthy comforts fail, when trials stand thickly around, when the body is prostrated by pain, and the mind driven to the borders of despondency. How consoling then, the thought that the fountain of love and mercy is inexhaustible, and, through contrition, accessible to the most undeserving, even to me.

I was much gratified to receive thy profile, which seemed next to seeing thee. It hangs before me, and is a great part of the time my only company. People marvel at what they see and hear of our sufferings, and wonder how we have lived through them, but what would they say if they could know the full extent? The idea thou suggested, of the similarity of our situations to that of prisoners, has often occurred to me; yet at times, when in the extremity of pain by noise and light, I am ready to covet the silence and seclusion of the prisoner's dark and lonely cell. Not that seclusion would have been my choice in health, but pain takes off the keen relish for pleasing society, and casts a gloom over the most delightful scenery.

Thy truly affectionate,

C. S."

[To R. Grellett.]

1832.

DEAR FRIEND;

Thy valued little memento came safely last spring, I prize it, not only because it is interesting, but because it proved I had not been forgotten by those I esteem. Although a stranger to thee, and nearly so to thy dear

husband, since his visit here, you have often been brought very fresh to my mind, in tender sympathy for the crosses and privations you must unavoidably share, in consequence of his long and frequent absence from home. The loss of his society and attention, with thy solicitude for him, probably causes many a solitary hour; but, my dear friend, I doubt not thy consolations are in proportion to thy trials. In sparing, aiding, and encouraging him to pursue his arduous path, thou art promoting the cause, and helping to repair the walls of Zion. I believe that the Divine Master works by means and instruments, and am thankful for his memorable visit to me. While he is called from clime to clime and from nation to nation, probably thousands, and tens of thousands, can say with me, that through his ministry they have received the word of grace, of prophecy, of encouragement and instruction, and felt them to be true messages from heaven. He visited me with no outward knowledge, except that I was sick, but my situation was admirably opened to his mind. He said my trials were deep and hidden, various and complicated; but it renewed his faith to see how I had been supported, when tried as to an hair's breadth; adding, "thou must be still further tried, but the Lord will be with thee, and support thee." In that, he spake truly, though it had often seemed as if my cup was full. Should dear S. C. ever enquire after me, tell him my beloved father, my only parent, was in a few months removed from time to a happy eternity, I fully believe: leaving me helpless, and apparently involved in the

deepest trials; but in humble gratitude I can say, the promise that the "Lord would be with me," has been verified to my own admiration, and that of my friends, and ways opened where there appeared to be none.

7th Month, 8th, 1832.

Oh, adorable Sovereign! be thou our strength in weakness, our present help in time of trouble. I earnestly entreat thee, dearest Father to help us to repent and turn from the evil of our ways, and prostrate ourselves at thy holy feet. Help us to bewail the wickedness, and the merited desolation of our country, and of the world generally. Truly thou art a God long-suffering and slow to anger. Long, very long hath thy wrath been stayed with mercy, while thy spirit has been grieved with the great wickedness of the human family. Oh, Father, have mercy though we deserve it not. Have mercy, I pray thee, upon us for Christ Jesus' sake, that we perish not in our sins; but sanctify to us individually this approaching scourge, (the cholera) and leave no heart untouched, but bring all to know and to live in thy dear Son."

After the above prayer, she writes thus:—

Oh, that we may be found ready to meet the dread messenger of death. May the God of mercies be with us: May each heart turn in humble adoration, and true repentance to him! Hitherto ours has been a highly favored country, but those privileges which ought to have been received with national and individ-

ual gratitude, humiliation and reverence to the blessed Giver, have been neglected and abused by hearts wickedly estranged from him. How much boasting has there been of a country of freedom, while thousands within her bosom are groaning in cruel bondage, for whom my heart often aches.

Many refuse to use the product of their labor, and I too have thought much upon the subject, but do not feel warranted in refusing it. In this, as in all other respects, I wish to do as my Father wills, and not excuse myself.

Time appears increasingly precious; and an industrious care for my little concerns seems requisite; but whether I have much to do or not in spiritual matters is known only to Him who sees the secret of my heart.

May it be plainly shown me what I have to do for myself, or for others! Oh, how little my dear brothers and sisters know the love and solicitude I feel for them, and how often I seek for their nearer union with their Maker."

About this time she was suddenly taken with a severe attack of cholera, and apprehended that her life, which she had offered as a willing sacrifice for that of her friends, would now be accepted; yet she recovered and soon after penned the following sentence. "Whether my secret offering of myself for my friends was acceptable or not, is only known to Him to whom my aspirations ascended; but if it was, my submission, it appears, only was called for; and my mind is often

bowed in humble gratitude that the circle of my dear relatives and friends has not been broken in upon by death.

3d Month, 2nd, 1833.

A subject which necessarily claims my attention has hitherto occupied my mind without producing the least degree of anxiety, and a peaceful silence reigns whenever I turn my thoughts towards it. It is relative to leaving the residence of my dear brother—the home of my dear parents and grand parents; but the time draws near for a decision, and in all probability trials are before me; yet I shall have the satisfaction of thinking that in this thing I have known an entire submission, earnestly desiring to be rightly directed and not left to my own choice. Time only can fully show the effect of a change in my feeble state of health, but as an inexpressible quietness pervades my mind, I hope for the best. The exertion and exposure will undoubtedly augment my sufferings, but to what degree is at present unknown. Though repeatedly told that I may return whenever I please, which, as an evidence of kind affection, and a proof that I am not merely a burden, as some poor sufferers are, is a greater satisfaction than I can express; yet if I go, the state of my health forbids the pleasant idea of ever again entering the home of my beloved ancestors—my birth place, and the scene of unnumbered joys and sorrows, yes, here was passed my happy childhood, and may I not say many happy though afflicted years of my youth."

[Extracts from a Letter dictated by E. F. to C. S.]

3d Month, 7th, 1833.

"Feeling rather more comfortable, I can, with increasing affection, thank my dear C. for the good-will expressed of late, and in return, assure her that many of my ideal visits (the only ones *we* are permitted to make) are to those prostrated like myself, upon languishing beds of sickness, but mostly to hers. To be under the same roof might increase our afflictions; but I have often wished our locations were nearer, thinking we might oftener share our little comforts together. To speak of my own *enjoyments*, or of enhancing thine, would seem like a contradiction of terms; but thou knowest it affords some satisfaction to divide external blessings, as well as to diffuse the scanty though soothing balsam administered by sympathising friends. 'Tis true, there seems but little room for consolation; but I trust Aunt's letter proved measurably so to us both, though weeks passed before I was able to hear it all read.

When under the most trying dispensations, to believe an unslumbering Superintendent guards us by night as well as by day, is no small consolation; and while our heads are placed upon the flinty pillow, to see the standing ladder, with top borne high above the earth, whereby kind angels may descend, when most we need an intercourse with heaven, is more than all beside. I am a still more helpless being than thyself, but when I remember the sick, especially P. H. and family, every feeling is excited on their behalf.

I could say much more; but prudence (how rare) withholds my words. I have often thought time was never watched more narrowly than by myself, ever ready to meet the seasons as they enter; if not to welcome the approaching one, to rejoice that the past, to me so big with suffering, is fled forever.

Wilh sincere love to thee and D. S. R.,

Eliza bids adieu."

[The Reply of C. Seely to the foregoing Letter.]

4th Month, 8th, 1833.

"My Dear E.

Thine of 3d Month, 7th, afforded peculiar satisfaction, especially on being informed by S. that it did not cause thee a severe turn, which I ever fear. On comparing thy present sufferings with my former, and still occasional ones, my heart overflows with feelings which cannot be expressed. My affectionate sympathy for thee can only be known by comparing it with thine for me. To be situated nearer to each other would be an inexpressible gratification, it is true; and to personally meet, still greater, too great, I fear, for our feeble frames to bear. Frequent and unnumbered are my imaginary interviews with thee, my sister, in thy shady but blessed abode, now the eldest in suffering except myself. Humility is the choicest diadem; tranquility and peace are riches, with which the diamond cannot vie, nor earthly crowns compare in value. In these blessings thou mayest ever feel a solicitude for me to

enjoy with thee, but I must request thee not to indulge any anxiety respecting me, with regard to temporal ones, fearing it will increase thy almost insupportable sufferings. I do not consider it a contradiction of terms to speak of thy own enjoyments, or of enhancing mine, so long as I believe them to be greater than that of many in health, and well know thou hast added much to mine, and I doubt not would more, were we situated nearer. Experience only can enable any one to judge of the minute necessities of a protracted illness, and I have discovered thy apt contrivance, more by thy various cares for me, than by any thing I have heard; and it pleases me too, as it is what I often hear of myself. But thou must remember that I am now much better than I have been, and than thou art, consequently do not suffer as much for want of some little conveniences as thou wouldst. It is well to compare our situations with those who have greater afflictions, and may we all adopt this language:

"It is the Lord, shall I resist
Or contradict His will?"

For a week or two past, I have been more comfortable than in two months previous; I think I never dreaded an approaching summer's noise more than this, but now feel comforted by the reflection that whenever I have felt myself closed in on every side, a door was soon opened for my escape.

Thy unfeigned friend,

C. SEELY.

Although still subject to very violent attacks of disease, Catharine's health had improved so much during the last two or three years preceding her removal, that when at the very best, she could not only raise herself in bed, and sit erect for a few minutes, but even in a reclining posture she occasionally employed her hands in a little light needle work, or used her scissors in cutting paper watch-pieces, tiny baskets, &c., which were executed with admirable neatness, taste, and ingenuity, often affording much amusement to herself, and gratification to her friends. But she felt under obligations to so many, for repeated acts of kindness, that she was frequently induced to exert herself far beyond her strength, in furnishing these delicate mementos for them and their friends. Some having been sent to the late venerable M. B. of Providence, R. I., she received a letter, and a handsome present, in return. In a rough draft of her reply, we find the following remark :

"I cut the papers at the request of Dr. R. G., a friend I very highly esteem, but, as I told him, with some reluctance, fearing what I did at short intervals of relief from pain, and in a darkened room, would look coarse in the light. He replied, that my extreme debility, and the peculiar inconveniences under which they were cut, rendered them interesting to him, and he thought would to thee. I have been sorry that I did not wait, at least until I could bear more light, which I now can a part of the time. It is eight and a half years since I could bear my own weight, or sit up but very little, and my

scanty strength fails under every extra exertion, even by writing this."

[To her Sister, P. R.]

4th Month, 22nd, 1833.

"My Dear Sister.

I doubt not thou feels much solicitude respecting me, and have taken my pen to give all the information I can, to remove or prevent anxiety. The time is yet uncertain when I shall leave my long loved home, but hope it is not far distant; as the sooner I get settled, the better, so that I may rest and recruit before the weather becomes very warm, which generally reduces me at first. It is indeed a great undertaking for one who cannot sit up fifteen minutes, or raise herself in bed half the time, to travel nearly two miles; but every possible precaution will be taken to avoid fatigue, and have every thing convenient and quiet. And what is more to me than all the rest, is, that I think I feel an evidence that He who cannot err will direct all things for the best, if I am careful to listen to His directions. Some have thought that I was indiscreetly attached to this place, by choosing to stay, through so many inconveniences, for years past; but it was the *home* that bound me here, feeling I had no other; though I ever believed I could freely leave, when convinced it would be for the best. Now, though I am not sure of living to enjoy another hour on earth, I believe all will be well. It is true, I am attached (as all are) to the place

of my nativity, to the scenes of my juvenile years, where unnumbered joys and sorrows arose, passed by, and are "with the years beyond the flood," leaving me a living monument of the tender mercies of an overruling Providence. He it is, who has so marvellously supported my mind through the deep waters of adversity, and sustained the slender thread of life through uncontrolable diseases; who has enabled me to feel loosened from this home, and I believe, mostly from the world. But thou knowest by experience that it causes solemn reflections, to leave any long frequented place, especially if it be our paternal roof, with the idea that we shall never again call it *home;* and still more solemn to think there is no present prospect of seeing it again, although but a short distance from it. It requires fortitude to suppress natural feelings, even while entirely willing to leave; but I resign and commend myself, and all of you, to Him who alone is able to soothe and comfort, direct and bless us all, in his own way and time, which he surely will do, if we listen to and obey his secret calls.

Little do my friends know how many of my hours are spent in earnest solicitude for their welfare, and for their dedication to the Father of Mercies. To intercede for you, is all I have in my power to do, for the kindness and anxious care you have all manifested for me. My situation has been such as to excite much sympathy and anxiety in your minds, and I firmly believe it is intended as a lesson, a warning, and an example to you all.

Think not, by what I have written, that I am melancholy or dejected; I am far from it, and have felt very comfortable in mind, of late, with the exception of temporal cares, &c.

Thy affectionate sister,

C. SEELY."

[To one of her Nephews.]

4th Month, 28th, 1833.

"MY DEAR NEPHEW.

Perhaps thou hast concluded that I do not think of thee as much as I ought, by my not writing before; which I assure thee is not the case, for thy situation has occupied much of my attention, and of my earnest solicitude both for thy body and mind; but I have not been able to write much of late.

I think my long sufferings have prepared me to sympathize with all who are afflicted. I have very much wished for thy restoration to health, yet feel far more for thy mental distress, knowing that no pain of body is equal to the secret sorrow of an anxious mind. But our heavenly Father knows what is best for us, and what will most effectually wean our hearts from this world, and turn them to him. Believe me, my dear S., he is never nearer to us, nor more abundant in his love and mercy, than when he permits us to be closely tried by feeling our own unworthy, sinful state, and that we have no power of ourselves, but He alone can prepare us for eternal rest. And he will do it, if we endeavor

to wait, quietly and submissively, his time. He chastises to humble us, and to turn our thoughts and desires to him; and he knows, and is well pleased when he sees us with fear and trembling approach the throne of grace. Christ came into the world to bring frail man, through repentance, home to God; and we read not that he ever refused one that came to him, which is a consolation to us, when we feel unworthy of his notice. This was expressed to me once, when under great discouragement, and I replied, perhaps no one ever came to him so unworthy. I believe it is a common thing for those who are really humble, to think no one so undeserving of divine favor as themselves, and often dwell so much upon their own imperfections, that it discourages and darkens their path; when, if they would dwell more upon the merits of Jesus, by whom salvation comes, they would probably enjoy more spiritual light and comfort. But we must not look for too much, nor for too plain evidence at once. I speak from experience, as these defects were often mine; therefore turn to the encouraging side, and remember the unnumbered promises to those whose motives are good; and I fully believe thou feels and knows that thine are. I also believe thy past sins are blotted out, in consequence of thy humble penitence; and hope, through divine assistance, thou wilt not only be comforted, and enjoy better health, but be preserved in future from the temptations of the world, and the wiles of the adversary, who leaves no devices untried to retard our progress. And these discouraging seasons must be expected through our whole pilgrimage."

[To E. F.]

"I want thee, my sister, to be encouraged by hearing of my present degree of strength, and remember that the same hand that has partially relieved and restored me, can relieve and restore thee. Remember too, that the years which are past, are not, with their sufferings, to be passed again, but we hope better ones will succeed either here, or where pain and trouble cannot assail us. How sweet the reflection that a release, sooner or later, is certain, which shall commence an endless course of bliss to thee, my dear Eliza, and even to me, if my sinful inattention does not prevent it; for sure I am that nothing will be wanting on the part of my dear Saviour; but we must wait his time, which is marvellously hid from us.

When I hear people speak of a *long* illness, of a few weeks, or months continuance, I think how differently thou and I would express it; and how little they know of a sickness that continues until year after year revolves, bearing the same report, 'no material change.' And every retrospect increases my adoration and awe of that omnipotent Power which has supported us so long,"

It was several weeks after her removal before she was able to use her pen at all; and then only at intervals, in consequence of the extreme faintness occasioned by every physical or mental exertion. Yet from several short letters to her distant, though anxious friends, we gather the following particulars.

6th Month, 1833.

"I am now quietly settled in my new home and still feel the sweet consoling evidence that all has been rightly ordered. On the 30th of 4th Month, at eight o'clock in the morning, a number of my friends met, and kindly conveyed me one and a half miles to this place. It was a beautiful day although the sun was partially obscured by friendly clouds, which was a favor indeed, as I have never been able to endure his beams since I have been ill.

I lay on a small bed with double curtains over me and was carefully borne on the shoulders of four, and sometimes six men. We were two hours on the way, as they sat me down nine times to rest. Some of my dear connections were with me, and others waiting here to extend every possible kindness, and soothe my wounded feelings at leaving my beloved home; but the kindness of heaven was ever in my soul to bear it up and prevent the indulgence of every natural weakness, so that I was perfectly composed, and not a tear gathered in my eye, until I was laid on my bed here, which was caused by the extreme tenderness of my brother and sister; but through secret aid, I was soon enabled to gain the reins of government over my feelings.

"Although I was carried as carefully as possible, every step jarred me so much that I was in a profuse perspiration, yet by fanning, and stimulants, was prevented from being faint, though much oppressed for

breath. My blood beat with the most agitated velocity, and after I got here the pressure was so severe that I thought I could not long survive it without relief, which was finally obtained by means of Dr. P's. prescriptions, who kindly offered his aid.

"Most of the spring I had not rested well during the night, but while many of my friends were in sleepless anxiety, I slept well the night previous to my removal, which was a great favor as it prepared me in some measure to bear the fatigue. May I never cease to be thankful, and to resign my whole heart to Him who is far more capable of choosing for me, even in the smallest circumstances, than I am for myself. I have not only changed my home, but there is not an individual here who was with me in the other house which causes much fatigue and inconvenience, but less than could be expected, in consequence of having my dear D. S. Roberts often with me, which prevents that loneliness I should otherwise feel. Seeing my beloved aunt is a great and unexpected favor; her tottering step and trembling frame shew that her course is nearly run, while her whole demeanor, bespeak her path to be peaceful and her treasure in heaven.

"For three days after I got here I was very sick and full of pain, but was not sensible of any natural feeling of fatigue; yet for six weeks after I was very low and faint, and felt as though every drop of my blood was tired and stimulated. Sometimes for a half, or a whole day I had deep sinking turns, and was very faint, with extreme pain in my head and eyes; my

mental powers were also much affected so that the recollection of coming here appeared like a dream. I am still very weak, and every exertion produces faintness, but I can now bear nearly as much light as usual in my room, and if I recover in the course of this summer I shall consider it a great favor."

Many who enjoyed the privilege of visiting Catharine Seely at seasons of comparative ease, will long retain a recollection of the sprightly, innocent cheerfulness, and playful wit, which not unfrequently adorned her conversation, and animated her pleasing countenance; as well as of the pious sentiments that were ever ready to burst forth from her overflowing heart. Although often involved in difficulties and discouragements that weighed her spirit to the very dust, if any favorable change took place, she would rise, as it were in a moment, and pour out her grateful emotions in prayer and praise.

7th Month, 21st.

I again resume my pen with the hope of glorifying Him who enables me occasionally to use it.

All praises, glory and honor are due to him who resides in the heaven of heavens—rides upon the cherubim, and views the whole earth with a single glance of his eye, and yet condescends to notice and dwell with finite man; to notice his minute necessities, to supply his needful wants, and to pour the healing balsam into his wounded soul, and speak peace to the contrite sinner's heart. The Lamb immaculate has been touched with the feeling of our infirmities, aud in our sorrow

feels more for us than the most tender parent, soothing us at times with his holy presence.

Blessed, blessed be his Eternal name, that I have been favored so long with the benign radiance of his countenance. Not a cloud has assailed me, nor a desponding hour been mine, since I surrendered my whole heart and will to him relative to my moving. My sickness, my trials, my circumstances in life, are at times arranged before me as mountains and hills, but that precious promise is verified; "the mountains skip like rams, and the little hills like lambs," and rivers of peace and tranquility fill the space. Oh, how can I be so ungrateful as to repine at my lot, or shrink from the rod, that, through submission on my part, brings these peaceful fruits from the hand of my God, my Father and Saviour, my all in all.

Oh! that every one, kindred, friend and stranger, may partake of the precious bounties of the Most High; but more especially do I crave the fullness of spiritual joys for the afflicted of every class, and particularly for those like myself, on languishing beds, who, in the extremes of bodily and mental weakness, need more than ordinary grace to support them.

To E. F.

Darien, 12th Month, 9th, 1833.

"My dear Eliza:—

Although it is two months since I have heard particularly from thee, my mind is almost continually

with thee, not only through the day, but in the solemn sleepless hours of night, and in my wandering dreams. Sometime since I dreamed of an interview with thy sister—which seemed so much like reality, that I thought I would write the encouraging conversation respecting thee that passed between us, but as I lay for two weeks extremely faint, I cannot now remember many of the particulars. I thought we were passing through a busy, confused and dirty city, and I had to step with the utmost caution not to soil my feet, or touch any thing on the right hand or on the left. I said to thy sister—'tell Eliza we have only to pass through, this is not our home, and we shall soon be where this toilsome care will cease; and I want her to be encouraged with the recollection that the arm which has encircled and sustained her thus far, is not, cannot be shortened. His power is unlimited, his wisdom infinite, and his mercies sure. Our confidence in man may meet with disappointment, but in him it cannot.'

How conspicuous has been his supporting presence during the trying scenes of the past year, not only in the important changes of my residence, with the uncertainty of surviving or recovering from the fatigue and exertion, but through my increased sufferings, which, during the summer and autumn, have frequently been equal to what they were in the first of my illness. Very little of the time have I felt able or capable of writing, so that I am often ready to conclude I must resign all intercourse with my distant friends. I can-

not sit up at all, nor be moved but rarely, without an extremely faint day; yet my head is not as constantly painful as through the summer, and my mind less affected, and clearer than for four months after moving, which I consider a greater favor than relief from pain. While writing this I have had several severe ill turns, so that I have been obliged to do it at distant intervals.

Thy affectionate sister-sufferer,

C. SEELY."

12th Month, 15th, 1833.

"In 9th Month last, I was suddenly taken with a very ill turn, which brought me so low in body and mind, that I could see no one but my nurses without fainting for hours after it. What an inexpressible mercy that my mind was kept by a tender parent, perfectly peaceful and quiet, or I think I must have expired. Oh, may it have its proper effect; and may my lamp be trimmed and burning, for at an hour that I think not, the bridegroom may, and probably will come.

3d Month, 11th, 1834.

Oh, how unpardonable it would be for me to disbelieve in the immediate revelation of the will of God to the mind of man. We cannot see beyond the present, unless our spiritual eyes are opened, through condescending grace; but true faith leads us to believe without sight. May I ever obey this inward voice,

however uncongenial to my own feelings or to the views of others. I had thought my heart was replete with submission, but now it revolts under a sense of weakness and frailty."

Here follow some particulars relative to a letter she thought it her duty to write, but delayed in consequence of not knowing of any opportunity to send it. One, however, unexpectedly presented which caused her to proceed thus. Oh, how deeply was I involved in shame and sorrow! I was prostrated in dust and ashes at the feet of Him who alone could raise me, but permitted me to remain there for a season, for my full abasement. He showed me that by neglecting His time I had lost the opportunity. His time was that morning, but mine was another day. Oh, my frail heart, when wilt thou cease to judge for thyself? When wilt thou learn that all things are possible to that wise and holy Being, who condescends to guide one so weak, so low, so unworthy as I am, in his useful, though secluded service? In humble penitence I took my pen, but all capacity was taken from me; but after much toil and suffering I was permitted, at the last hour, to write by another conveyance, to the relief of my own mind, though without a doubt but that the delay would occasion loss in some way. I now feel a sweet solace for having obeyed at last, though ashamed at the recollection of not doing it more readily.

4th Month, 2nd.

How often have I cause to commemorate the goodness of the Most High. He has again been pleased to

reduce me, and is again raising me up. Two weeks ago I was taken with a cold, and inflammation in my head and throat, so that I suffered beyond description, and never passed a week with so little nourishment; some days not even taking drink to exceed three tea spoons full. D. S. R. was ill at home but soon came to me, and says it was so extremely hard to see my sufferings that she thought she could make any sacrifice, if I might be relieved; but it was shown her that she had nothing to sacrifice, that she owed all, and more than all, and must submit to see me lie in helpless distress. She often says my sufferings are in part for her, and truly I believe our trials and exercises are inseparably interwoven, and known only to ourselves and our Maker.

Previously to this illness I had for some weeks been more comfortable than at any time since I moved, and could not avoid feeling real encouragement; but as a serene atmosphere and cloudless sky often precede the most tempestuous weather, so it is with my intervals of relief. But oh, how immaterial will this anguish appear, when time shall cease, and immortality begin! then shall all my sorrows be succeeded by endless joys, if I remain firm in the Lord Jesus. The secret thought of almost every moment of late has been, Father direct me, and leave me not to my own choice or strength; I am thankful that I am accounted worthy to suffer deep exercise of mind in thy service, lest I should become idle and indifferent, a state most of all to be dreaded.

[To E. F.]

5th Month, 11th, 1834.

DEAR ELIZA.

When I take my pen, and often at other times, you all seem to be brought almost within my reach; but as the phantom of pleasure is only near in imagination, and eludes our grasp, so it probably ever will be, in regard to thee and A. But, my dear, do we not realize an interchange of thought, a union of soul. which is a palliating substitute for this indulgence? It is often cause of thankfulness that we can participate in each other's joys and sorrows, though to a superficial view our situations may seem like unmingled sorrow. Can we not say we are sometimes thankful to be counted worthy to suffer, believing it cannot exceed, or equal that which One voluntarily bore for us? It is inexpressibly consoling to think He sees and comprehends all we endure, and that while leaning upon him, we shall be sustained. Oh, my dear, let us not be dismayed at the past, but rather encouraged, by seeing how we have been supported, and by the belief that we still shall be, or that relief may come, even when there is little or no prospect of it.

Some time since, under a general survey and retrospect, I admitted more discouragement than was warrantable, but of late it has vanished, and I can admire the matchless wisdom, long suffering, and condescension of the Most High. He truly smooths the rolling pillow; but I think it will never be required of us to relinquish the earnest desire, if life continues, to leave the

painful couch, even if we take all our pain with us. What strangers to privations and sufferings must they be, who do not think we have used every possible means for this purpose? There is nothing more difficult for me, and I believe for thee, than to avoid too much exertion of the little strength we have; which I am often told will retard, if not prevent, my recovery. But I hope thou hast more discretion, and that we may both take warning by the trying relapse of ——. I am at present favored with more intervals of relief than at any time since I moved, though no permanent change, except that my mind seems clear, which is cause of thankfulness.

I have just been lost in an ideal visit to thee, in which the distance that separates us vanished, and it almost seemed as if I could put out my hand and take hold of thine. We know not how soon the veil of mortality will drop, and permit us a joyful meeting where distance and sorrow may be known no more.

12th Month, 10th.

Sustain, oh, eternal Father, sustain I entreat thee, this sinking heart! Futurity is my aim, but yet the future is dismay; may I be preserved, may grace, strength, and perfect resignation be given to do, and to endure, all that is before me, is continually the breathing aspiration of my heart. My soul is bending beneath a load which Thou alone canst remove; but oh, remove it not until its full effect is produced upon this benighted heart. My most frequent besetment is,

pleading that I am too weak, and too unworthy to be accepted as a means, or vessel of any degree of usefulness in His holy hand. I am constrained to believe my sufferings of late have been as much for others as for myself, perhaps more; and am I not as willing? The pain of body and mind has been greater for months than I should have thought I could have lived to endure so long. More than six weeks ago I was taken with an acute pain in my head, or brain, which continued extreme for four and a half weeks; except when cupped. This was tried three times, and the last, with blisters, &c., proved effectual, but left me so low that I have not yet fully recovered.

I am so worn with pain and sorrow, that I am ready to think my life may be yet accepted instead of the endurance of those trials which have appeared as mountains heaped upon mountains in my future pathway. And if fully prepared, what a relief it would be to me and others; but Lord, not my will, but thine, be done.

Many of our little meetings have, of late, been seasons of deep plunging—oh, may I not screen myself from the various subjects that are permitted to try me. In our last sitting, it was forcibly presented to my mind whether I would be willing to become a burden to my friends and the world. I cannot say that I did, or can, feel entire submission to this idea; yet if I remain long in my present situation, it will in all probability be the case, if it is not now. Oh. how can I be sustained under this keen trial! From a child, I have felt great eluctance, diffidence, and distress, at troubling others

for that to which I had no merit or claim, or right to ask for; and this disposition has grown with years, and an increasing sense of my entire unworthiness. This, with an innate desire to be useful, instead of burdensome, is perhaps a breach of that submission with which I had hitherto hoped my heart was replete. I have no doubt but these trials are permitted to try my faith; and praises be to indulgent Heaven, this dwindling spark has never yet been extinguished; but the Lord has, in his own time, arisen "with healing in his wings;" and I feel a confidence that it will be so again, if I fail not on my part; but oh, how great my danger on every hand! When I view myself a useless plant, encumbering the ground, I am astonished that I still enjoy so much of the rich bounties of Heaven—tender friends and neighbors, and one of the dearest of companions (D. S. R.) to whom it is given to soothe and share my bitter cups.

30th. My constant petition is for discretion and support from above; whether silent or conversant, it leaves me not, and not for myself alone do I raise these petitions. I am not involved in gloom and darkness, neither in horror and fearful doubts respecting futurity; but a deep, immoveable exercise of mind that cannot be turned aside by cheerfulness, company, work, reading or sleeping. Occasionally it is suspended as at present, for my temporary relief, and then my body revives; but the moment I presume to hope for a permanent change, these feelings irresistibly gather around again. But I wish to spend and be spent in

the service of God; and whether it be in a visible or invisible form, it matters not.

1st Month, 11th, 1835.

I am at present better and stronger than I have been in some months, for many days at a time; and may mercies never be dispensed to me, without a heart to return thanks and praises to the Almighty Giver. His visitations are close and searching to my heart, and to the heart of my beloved D. S. R., yet often do we hold sweet communion together, and no hours are more delightful than those in which we are alone by ourselves, dwelling upon eternal concerns. She is often tried, yet feels a firm reliance that He who has called her, is able to carry her through any work He may please to appoint. Being engaged, as usual, last 1st day evening, on spiritual subjects, she told me that in our little meeting that day, she had been much troubled with wandering thoughts, and the want of that inward retirement she so much needed, and still had no power to raise a petition, or hardly to lift her eyes in hope.

A little pause ensued, after which she said—"light has sprung up, and I am swallowed up in love and adoration." Then said I, my petitions are answered, for my mind has been engaged in earnest prayer for thy deliverance and support; and that the dear Redeemer would be with us at this time, and afford that help he knows thou stands most in need of. We often feel it to be a mercy that we can intercede for each other; and are bowed in humble gratitude and admiration that

when one is stripped and weighed down, the other is clothed, borne on wings of faith, and enabled to hand at least a crumb to the other.

3d Month, 4th.

It is near morning, and I have slept but little, although my enfeebled system requires it, but I weep to give vent to an overflowing heart. Thanksgiving and praise to the King of Kings, and Lord of Lords, that another soul is saved, a heart redeemed from the follies, vices, and sins of the world, and replenished with grace and love divine. I thank thee, oh, Father! that thou hast put forth thy hand and reaped the full grown tares of his heart, and that thou hast sowed and reared the seeds of life eternal there. Be pleased, in infinite mercy, to make his path and mine plain before us, and permit us not to turn aside to the right hand or to the left."

A few weeks after this, in one of her ill turns, she entirely lost her voice; and while in that situation, addressed the following lines to her cousins, who were with her:

4th Month, 5th, 1835.

"My Dear Cousins:—

Will you not unite with me in earnest petitions for help to rightly and usefully improve the great, the incalculable blessings of the power of speech, which you have seen me suddenly deprived of, more completely so than ever before in my life; and for a time, of all motion. Even while in the full possession of my

mental powers, (which I soon lost) every effort to attract your attentive eyes failed; and were I to judge only by my present feelings, I should think I could never again converse with you, or even utter a single sentence with ease; but I have entire confidence in the mercy of Him who ever has relieved, and who has already mitigated the extremity of my sufferings.

When I attempted to reply to your kind and interesting questions, but found I could not, it was forcibly presented to my mind whether I had fully appreciated the great favor of having my voice strengthened, as it has been of late, to our admiration; also whether I had not abused the blessing by idle or useless words. And I feel a great solicitude that I, and you also, may be guarded in this important point.

4th Month, 26th.

With great debility, and a blistered, painful arm, I am again attempting to move my pen in commemoration of the adorable goodness and condescension of the Most High. I have long felt, deeply felt, his chastening rod; and again, and again has my heart been filled with thankfulness for intervals of relief from extreme suffering; yet I ask not an entire release, but only, 'Lord prepare me for whatever is before me.' Three weeks ago I was suddenly reduced as low, apparently, as nature could survive, and several times since in such distress, and so far spent that I felt as if between two worlds, and knew not which I should enter. But thanks and praises are due to the Eternal name for ever

and ever, he prepared me for this. Though I had previously enjoyed much of his holy presence, my mental labor was often as great as my feeble frame could endure; but when brought so low, all was removed, and tranquility pervades my mind. At first, I admitted a fear that I was getting into a state of stupidity and unwarrantable ease, which was soon removed, and this bed of pain has become as downy pillows, because Jesus is here. May I be enabled to fulfil every requiring, if any remains, and never ask mercy for myself alone, but for others also—especially for a neighbor who is suffering the most agonizing tortures of mental derangement, and apparently despair.

Oh, how the word despair wounds my heart! for I do believe that for a short season I felt the depths of its insupportable horrors. I have felt for him, day and night, more than I can express, and have been trying, for some days, to see if I could freely and acceptably offer my life a sacrifice for his life and reason. I am permitted to look beyond the grave, with a hope, that he is not now capable of realizing for himself. His life seems more needed than mine in the world, therefore is it not better that I should be taken in his stead? that he may have, if enabled to do it, a little more time to make his peace with God. But, oh, Father, I know not that I am ready, and let no dictating choice enter my heart.

5th Month, 13th.

For nearly three days I have been relieved, and comparatively easy; how can I be thankful enough for the

favor! For several days, and especially in our little sitting on 1st day, my heart overflowed with gratitude to a gracious God, who is just in judgment, and rich in mercy.

During this interval of relief, C. S. felt an impression of duty to write a letter, which she endeavored to put by, from the supposition that no opportunity would offer for sending it, in nearly a month. In speaking of the conflict of mind occasioned by it, she says—"it caused my feeble frame to tremble very much, so that I was exhausted, and for a time lost to all sensibility;" yet she was finally enabled to submit to the requisition, and in a few days became so much worse, that she could not otherwise have written at all, until after the time for sending it was past.

[An Address to her Brother and Sisters.]

DARIEN, 5th Month, 25th, 1835.

"DEAR BROTHER AND SISTERS:—

I am very ill, and know not how, or when it will terminate, but each day I have turns, in which my distress often seems too great for nature to survive; and if I should soon go, in one of them, it would not be strange. I hope your minds are prepared for the event, and I should sometimes send for you, had I not so often been brought to the brink of the grave, and raised again, that I fear to give unnecessary alarm or trouble. I have even felt as if I could give you all into the hands of our heavenly Father, whose you are, and see you no more in this world, were it not for your feel-

ings. I know it would afford you satisfaction to see me at, or near the close, and I have wished that you might be with me then; but the time is so uncertain, that I am now able to feel resigned to this uncertainty, if my dear Deborah may be with me. She has released you all from the immediate care and charge, and from a very great deal of anxiety about me, when absent. You do not, you cannot know how much she has done for the relief of both body and mind under my complicated afflictions; which, though painful to endure, I doubt not have been permitted for my good, for hers, for yours, and for others also. But with all, mercy and divine support has been mingled, for which let us return thanks to the Supreme Ruler of events. May he reward her, and every one of you, for your kindness to me, and finally bring us all home to himself, in his everlasting kingdom. I am distressed in body, but mostly quiet in mind, and firmly believe that if it pleases my heavenly Father to take me from you, it will be to everlasting rest, to remain in his presence forever, which is far more desirable than life or health. My strength fails to write, or I would gladly say much, to beg you all to turn your whole hearts from this world to Christ, who is able and willing to receive every one who will accept his offers of mercy, and follow him. Do not, I entreat you, let earth, self, nor the adversary, deter you from resigning yourselves wholly to the Lord, and serving him while you live.

In love, yours,

C. S."

[To the same.]

Health is no security for long life, neither are they who are well to-day, sure of being so to-morrow; but all are as liable as myself, to suffer a long and painful illness; and in the trying scenes of sickness and death, nothing but an interest in Christ, our dear Redeemer, can support the mind, and nothing else seems, then, worth living for. Time, strength, and language fails me in attempting to impress upon your minds the great necessity of gaining this interest, and of having our minds prepared for the final change, while favored with health and reason. I know, by experience, that it is no time to prepare for futurity, when reduced to the lowest ebb of life, by extreme pain, and when every thought tires. It is then we need the life-giving presence of a faithfully served God, which I hope we may all enjoy. I feel my frailty and deficiencies, and have feared they would prove a discouragement to you, who know that I have suffered, apparently, enough not only to wean me, but to purify me from every thing of an earthly nature; but some need more to do this, than others.

I know the sorrows of neglected duty, and want you to shun them; I also know the precious enjoyment of having obeyed the voice of Him who speaks in the secret of every heart, and want you to enjoy it. I must gratefully acknowledge that he often favors me with that unspeakable peace that the world cannot give. I solicit all, both old and young, not to neglect this voice, this secret monitor, which will guide you into all truth.

I believe you often perceive its dictates, and will more, the more you consult it. You will need its direction in every step of life. Remember, Christ never refused any who came to him. Do not conclude, from what I have written, that I am gloomy or depressed; I was never farther from it. Did I suffer in mind, as I do in body, I could not long survive; but the inestimable blessing of cheerful contentment is generally dispensed to me, though not unsought for.

Your affectionate

C. S.

1835.

When prosperous breezes waft us smoothly along through life, we often enjoy with heedless indifference innumerable blessings without stopping to admire with due reverence and gratitude the source from which they flow. But when adverse winds arise, and the tenor of our prospects change, our admiration is immediately excited, and we do not forget then to enquire why these strange things occur. We are not apt to marvel that prosperity is lengthened out, but when adversity is protracted, we wonder why it is so, and are often impatient for a change. Oh, selfish mortals! how unwilling to abide the decision of a just and impartial Judge in his distribution of our portion of the ills, as well as the blessings of life. I speak from experience, for nothing is more natural than for me to wonder at the length and peculiarlity of my afflictions, especially in that produced by noise. But when the question arises why my sickness is thus prolonged,

why I suffer so much in a way and degree incomprehensible to most people, and what or when will be the termination. I am ever silenced with the recollection that it is not for me to search into the mysteries of Providence; that acquiescence is my proper business; that the pain of each day is enough for me to bear, without the knowledge of what is to be endured the next; and that unerring Wisdom will do right.

6th Month, 1st, 1835.

On reviewing my date of 4th Month, last, I find much to add if I had strength. My poor fellow-sufferer and neighbor, found no reilef until the final close. A few months since he passed and re-passed me in health and spirits, but sank into despondency, derangement and death, apparently through exercise of mind under the conviction of a misspent life, in neglecting his duty to his Maker. His case should be a warning to others not to procrastinate attention to their eternal interest to an uncertain day. It shows, not only the uncertainty of life, but of our reason, without which we are incapable of repentance. But this case is not without hope, far otherwise; after his mind was wrought upon by an invisible power, he gave up to its influence so far as to appear penitent and humble.

How incomprehensible the wisdom of my heavenly Father in his disposal of me! A thorn is blended with every rose to prevent my heart from fastening there—a cord of love with every chastisement to draw

me home to him; yes, *Home*, for I feel that I have none short of that eternal Rest where my Saviour dwells. "No chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous but grevious; nevertheless afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them that are exercised thereby."

My erring heart admitted fears, during my low state that because I only felt peace and calmness, without that degree of the sensible presence of the Most High, which I had previously been much favored with, I stood less approved, and might be left to shrink at last. But our little sitting on 1st day, was permitted to be one of the most favored meetings we had ever experienced. It appeared almost as if the veil of mortality was drawn aside to admit a free communion between my soul and my God. I have seldom felt such full access to the mercy seat for myself, for my friends, and for the whole human family; and that a blessing may rest upon this little meeting, (which is owned by the Shepherd of Israel,) whether I am much longer one to unite in it or not."

12th. After giving some description of a very ill turn in which the occasional loss of reason, faintness, oppression for breath, &c., caused her to feel for several days as though she could not survive it—she adds: "My dear D. S. R. was sick and unable to sit up, but did not feel easy to leave my room, as she could see my motions, and tell my nurse when she did not understand me. Oh, Father, help me to return thanks in proportion to thy matchless mercies to me and my

dear sister-cousin; enable us to be acceptably dedicated to thee; and to appreciate the privilege of being thus retired together, but preserve us from holding each other too near and dear. Help, I entreat thee, each brother and sister to approach thy sacred Altar continually, and to be more and more given up to thy holy service.

7th Month, 4th—six o'clock, A. M.

To many, this is a day of rejoicing for Independence, but to me it will be one of mourning and suffering, and to what degree I know not, as the firing of the guns has already affected me very much. Little do they know what I endure in consequence of their indulgence, for while they are falsely joyful for an *independent* feeling, I am in agony in consequence of my *dependence.*

Not only my own species have it in their power to distress me with noise, but the animal creation and especially the elements; and when very ill, even the birds and insects. Thunder augments my sufferings beyond description, and I am often faint for several days after it.

It is probable that the leaders of these public amusements know but little of my sufferings; and I fear to offend, to interrupt, or to expose myself to the ridicule of unfeeling minds, who may be uncharitable, or cannot believe that noise gives me such exquisite pain. It far exceeds all common pain, and is an agonizing distress, which cannot be described or conceived, except by those who have experienced it.

May I never cease to ask mercy for all who either directly or indirectly, wilfully or ignorantly, are the means of adding to my pain and afflictions.

The firing, which was suspended when the above was written, was not resumed, as we expected it would be, after breakfast; for which my gratitude is due to my heavenly Father, and perhaps to some earthly friend.

8th Month, 11th.

As this morning's light approached, the fervency of devotion absorbed every faculty of the mind, and I again endeavored to offer my heart a living sacrifice to the Lord. He does not require burnt offerings, nor peace offerings, as formerly, but that of the whole heart. Those were emblematical; for as they were required to be without spot or blemish, so must be the heart, before it will be acceptable in the sight of God."

After expressing her anxiety on account of D. S. R's sickness and the fears she had indulged that she might not recover—she proceeds:—I was prostrated at the feet of Jesus, and begged the acceptance of a full dedication of myself, instead of this keen trial; and the fervency of my petition seemed to be accepted, as a full belief was given that she would be able to come to me again, which has since been the case. Oh, what matchless love and mercy, what boundless condescension in Him who laid down his life for our redemption! Indispensable indeed is the blood of the Lamb of God to wash us from all sin and impurity, and prepare us to

enter that glorious abode where nothing unrighteous can be admitted. It truly needs a constant renewal of faith to believe that one so unworthy as myself can be admitted there; not that I have the least doubt but that the ransom Christ has wrought is all-sufficient for me, and for every member of the human family, of every nation, tongue, and kindred, if we fail not on our part.

A sense of my own deficiencies often deters me from expressing my solicitude for my friends and physicians, when my heart overflows with love and earnest desires for their present and eternal welfare, and for the dedication of their whole hearts to God. All the promises of happiness contained in the Holy Scriptures are conditional—that is, to the righteous—to the faithful. We are free agents, and through grace are enabled to understand and obey the dictates of heaven made known in every heart. The reproofs and condemnation we feel for known errors, are certain proofs that the intimations of right and wrong in our own hearts are not to be neglected. The more it is heeded, the plainer the path of duty will become, and the cross more easy to bear.

9th Month, 23d.

I have for many months been blessed with a peaceful quietness and tranquility beyond description, yet feared it would not be a sufficient portion to sustain through the solemn final change. But when the trem-

bling taper of my life has seemed almost extinguished, and I have attempted to ask a little more of the bread of life, the reply has been 'Peace, be still,' submission, perfect submission is required at thy hand. And as I shrank into submision, peace was my portion in the most secret, tranquil form; evincing the truth of the scripture declaration, that the Lord is not found in the strong wind, in the earthquake, or the fire, but in the still small voice. It is to the inward ear alone that he speaks; it is in the secret of the heart that he is found and enjoyed; where, if we shut not the door against him, he will come in and sup with us, and we with him.

Last week my dear——of New-York spent two days with us. Her whole visit was precious, but particularly those hours in which we were deeply engaged in the most interesting conversation on divine subjects, in which we sympathized with each other, and opened our hearts freely. We settled into silence, and close communion with the Father of Spirits. It was a heart-melting season, never to be forgotten, I presume, by either while in time. My eyes were as a fonntain of tears.

11th Month, 1st.

I have been mercifully refreshed by the choice bounties of heaven; my faith and confidence renewed, confirmed and strengthened in the love of my Lord and Saviour, by a visit from several of his devoted servants.

I have been impressed with a belief that time to me is near a close. Under a humbling sense of my weakness and frailties, I have sometimes been left to fear that I should not become sufficiently pure in heart to be truly acceptable; a fear that I should in some way bring reproach upon the cause of truth, by shri..king with human weakness, or be a discouragement to others for want of firmness at the final close."

The visit above alluded to from E. M——, L. H——, and some other friends, had a consoling influence upon her mind; and on their sitting down in silence by her bedside, the prayer of her heart was—"Be pleased, dearest Saviour, to be with us at this time; manifest thyself in any way or form thou pleasest,-whether in words or silent communion it matters not, if we may but know that we are remembered." She adds, I was immediately addressed by E. M. in the most beautiful language, and in a form that I expected not, as no one knew my feelings. Wonderful indeed is the manifestation of divine knowledge in the hearts of the Lord's faithful followers, without any human information. E. M. said—'Dear Catharine, thou hast been brought very near to me, &c. &c. Thy sufferings and thy trials have been very great, and I feel that thou hast many close and very deep inward provings, which are designed for thy purification; and the Father will in his own time release thee from them all. What must have been the sufferings of our dear Redeemer while enduring the ignominious death of the cross, when he felt the weight of the sins of

the whole world upon him, and the father hid his face until he cried out, 'My God, my God why hast thou forsaken me!' How great must have been his anguish to have felt forsaken at that trying moment! And if the Son, and sent of God, was permitted thus to suffer while personally on earth, are we not willing to suffer with him for a season, that we may reign with him in his kingdom forever? She spoke of the glory of those who sit at the right hand of God, and said my sufferings and trials of body and mind were to prepare me for that endless rest; and the Lord in his own time would cut them short, and call me home to himself. That the prospect was so glorious that it seemed as though the Angels were welcoming my approach, and I should soon join the ransomed in eternal praises before the throne; my patience and resignation were known above, and my deep conflicts known and felt for by the dear Redeemer. That she had no doubt but in seasons of trial, I had been left to say 'My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me!' but he would return and lead me safely through 'the valley of the shadow of death;' and his rod and his staff would comfort me. It was particularly encouraging that his rod and his staff should be with me through the valley of the shadow of death, for the enemy more often assails me with fears of that period than of my future state.

Three weeks ago D. S. R. in our little sitting, felt the trial of a separation brought very fresh before her, though she could not say that it was bounded by

months or even years. The following are her own words. "A fresh prospect of my dear Catharine's release, this day arrested my mind, while sitting in our devotional retirement. At first my heart sank in sadness at the idea of a separation, which appeared like sundering the very joints and marrow, but my drooping spirits were animated at the sight of the glory that awaited her. I no longer indulged a wish to retain her on earth, but could scarcely feel willing to be left behind. The magnificent glory of heaven, filled with solemn tranquility, and the fulness of enjoyment, was forcibly presented to my view. Her soul appeared to be clothed in its robe of divine purity, and her Saviour's arms already extended to take her to his bosom, and conduct her from earth to his eternal habitation; the very passage to that blessed abode seemed brilliantly lighted with his love. This prospect has made the idea of resigning her much easier than it could otherwise have been: for I can truly say no pains or privations that I have endured for her have had the least tendency to dissolve the tender ties of affection by which we have been so long united. I cannot wish to hold her from the Saviour, who is altogether worthy, nor to detain her amidst the pains and conflicts of this probationary state, but nothing short of this could cause me to willingly resign her." D. S. R.

12th Month, 6th, 1835.

When I look forward and see trials apparently insupportable in life, it pleasantly occurs to me that I may

soon be severed from them—hidden beneath the sod, where this mortal part can no more feel the afflictions that now surround me, and threaten to increase if I live. The precious prospect that E. M——, and D. S. R. were favored to see so clearly for me, has silenced every mournful sigh, and caused my soul to rejoice in the God of my salvation. It serves to keep my mind from being elated by a continuance of favorable symptoms, which otherwise might have flattered me with the prospect of getting better, or of remaining more comfortable; and while it prevents length of time from being expected, consoles with the prospect of future bliss.

1st Month, 6th, 1836.

Each day of our lives in which we are not drawing nearer to the Lord, we are in reality going from him, and shall find so much more labor to return, if ever we are favored with sufficient strength to do so. It is of his mercy alone that we are arrested, when straying from him, and brought back to the true Sheep-fold. So long as we keep near him, and our inward eye intent upon his guiding, the Shepherd of Israel will be our Shepherd, will tenderly lead, and protect us from every danger; but as sure as we wander from his enclosures we are exposed to danger from the devourer.

Oh, Father! I thank thee for this renewed visitation, for every visitation of thy Holy Spirit. I am all weakness, but thou art all strength and might—I am but dust, thou art all power and majesty; thou seest at the slight-

est glance, the whole earth and heavens, and yet condescendest to notice the meanest insect, to scan the secret recesses of every heart. Leave me not, I entreat thee, to myself, but guide every movement, every feeling of my heart. Favor me, if it please thee, with a clear vision, what, where, and when thy requirings are to be performed. Preserve me from taking one step unbidden, from delaying a moment after thy command is given, and from weakening the impression of required duty by reasoning with flesh, and blood. Enable me to feel the worth of every soul on earth to be equal to my own; and may every sacrifice and suffering of body and mind be as submissively borne for the good of others as for myself. Let not one petition be raised for myself alone, but be as fully answered to my dear D. S. R. We have thus far been as one in Christ in all things, and may no separation in body, spirit, or any interest or enjoyment, whatever, be required between us on this side the grave; yet may we be preserved from too great attachment to each other, and enabled to give the strength of our affections to our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ.

2nd Month, 20th

I am subject to such sudden and severe attacks that I can make no calculations how I shall be, or what I can do from one hour to another. It may appear to some as though one so long separated from society would feel no interest in it; or that the inability to accomplish my little arrangements, or to see my friends, would not amount to a disappointment; but this is not the case,

for while I am favored with my reason I shall probably participate in disappointments and enjoyments. My earnest petitions have been that I might retain a degree of my natural feelings; and that the relish of life might not be entirely taken from me while it is the pleasure of Omnipotence that I should continue in it; for I have ever considered it a dreadful situation to be obliged to live, after life with all pertaining to it, has become a burden. I fully believe my afflictions are intended to wean me from the world; and though I feel an interest in surrounding objects, I cannot, from the closest scrutiny, find any attachment sufficient to induce a wish to live, further than to acquiesce in the will of Him who laid me here, and who alone can release me.

When I speak of enjoyments, some may ask, how I can enjoy this seclusion, this prison, this painful couch? To such I reply—a prison indeed it is, but a prison of hope, not of this life, but of the life to come. I enjoy the seclusion because it screens me from many a rude blast of the enemy; and affords much retirement for devotional engagements, and the sweet, the exalted communion of the soul with its maker. But without divine aid, without the love of God, I could not have a particle of enjoyment under my sufferings and complicated trials. I sometimes compare myself to a bird in a cage, hung upon a tree, surrounded by the rich foliage, the beauties of nature, the workmanship of a Holy hand, but cannot reach them; the blooming earth beneath, but cannot take one step upon it; overshadowed by the beautiful canopy of heaven, but cannot take an uninterrupted

view of it; inhabiting a free country, but closely limited and deprived of natural freedom.

It is eleven and a half years since I have opened my eyes to the full light of day—borne my weight upon my feet, or had but partial views of the face of nature; but my darkened, and otherwise gloomy apartment, is cheered and illuminated by the smiles of Jesus, the Sun of Righteousness, whose blessed countenance sheds a lustre upon every thing that surrounds me, and causes gratitude and praise to fill my heart.

I consider it a great mercy to be able occasionally to enjoy the society of my friends, but during my late low turns I have been as much affected by company as at any period of my sickness. Though fond of select society, particularly with my friends separately, my favorite amusements (when able to go there) were the loved retreats in the fields and woods, where I could contemplate uninterruptedly the wonders of an Almighty hand, beautifully visible, from the loftiest foliage to the smallest flower—from the powerful animal to the smallest bird that warbles forth its Maker's praise in every note it sings, and reproves me for less worthily accomplishing the great design of Him who formed us in his own likeness, and gave us of his own spirit.

No pleasure has been so often coveted through my confinement, as the indulgence of rambling among the rocky hills and valleys near the home of my childhood, where I have enjoyed such sweet solitude, and spent many hours in reading, writing, and meditation.

25th. Much has been said in my case, and in every other protracted one with which I am acquainted, of the need of exercise, by those who know very little of severe and long continued disease. Under a continual series of efforts to burst our bonds and rise, though followed by as frequent relapses, how can it be believed that exercise, in every practicable form, has not been tried? And who can wonder that my friends watch my exertions with anxious solicitude, or that I sometimes shudder at the recollection of those scenes of suffering I have so often brought upon myself by over-exertion, and shrink into a submissive endurance of the chastening Hand; not a careless, indolent indifference, and insensibility, for were all other virtues detached from my character, I presume that perseverance would be fully awarded to me by all my acquaintance, both in health and sickness. I am grateful that I very rarely feel that dull inactivity of mind which makes trifles appear like mountains, and every effort of body or mind a task. Whenever pain subsides, I invariably feel an almost irrepressible desire to be in motion, or to have my mind engaged in some cares or employment; and it often requires more self-denial than I can command, to refrain from more exercise than I am able to bear without an increase of suffering.

[To Eliza Field].

2d month, 9th, 1836.

"I am still very sick, and as the faintness subsides, pain increases, and noise becomes exceedingly distress-

ing. By the help of anodynes I got some rest last night, and while under their influence, though full of pain, I will just say to thee that though our situations are beyond the reach of all human consolation, I want thee to remember, that 'as thy day is, so shall thy strength be;' and that 'His grace is sufficient for us.' Our dear Redeemer who has suffered for us, and for all mankind, more than we can comprehend, sees and feels all that we endure, and will not forsake us in these unfathomable depths. Oh, how precious is this belief when pain and anguish sink us to the very borders of the grave, when every earthly prospect looks dark and dreary, and every hopeful remedy fails to relieve. Methinks I see thee lying prostrate at the feet of Jesus, whose arms are open to receive thee."

With tender solicitude for thy preservation and relief,

I remain thy affectionate,

C. SEELY."

These sentiments were reciprocal, as the following lines addressed to her by E. F. will shew.

TO CATHARINE SEELY.

"When bitter pain prostrates my soul,
And days and nights most tedious roll,
When grief o'erwhelms, and deep despair
Poisons the cup we're doomed to share,
A tear is mingled in for thee—
A tear of tender sympathy.

When stripe on stripe to me is dealt,
The wounds most equisitely felt,
The thought oft shoots across my brain
Thou bears the rod, and feels like pain;
And then again is shed for thee
The tear of tender sympathy.

When a kind parent's voice I hear
And, soothing accents reach my ear;
When *I* remember how thou'rt 'reft,
How tried thy lot—how lonely left,
Oh, then, dear girl, my tears for thee,
Are tears of tender sympathy!

When *my* abscinthiated cup—
Thy gall and worm . cod is drank up;
When pain shall end, and sorrow cease,
And thou forever be at peace;
Then may Eliza share with thee,
As thou her tears and sympathy."

3d month. 18th.

"In reflecting on the past and present, I find myself numbering unexpected hours, as if days were added beyond my appointed number. Though frequently, and even within a few days, I have been led down to the gates of death, not knowing but the next moment would open them for my reception, yet they seem closed against me, and I am still retained on earth. But time is not lent me for the ungrateful purpose of murmuring, and complaining of the length and degree

of my sufferings, but to seek for that perfect resignation which would enable me to say—'thy will be done.' When I name my afflictions, it is not to augment them in the view of others, but to excite admiration and gratitude for the mercies of Him who so marvellously sustains me under them; and to win souls to Christ, who will make their bed in sickness, as he has made mine. I am constrained to say that my house has stood firm, while the winds blew, and the storms of adversity beat heavily upon it.

4th Month, 30th.

Three years ago this day I was brought from my former home—my father's house, to this. The remembrance is solemnly interesting but not gloomy. I still believe it was for the best, as there has been no time since that period in which I have been as able to bear it, though I did but just survive the fatigue, and it is my own, and my friends' opinion that I have not fully recovered from it.

7th Month, 29th.

Nothing unrighteous, impure, or unregenerate can enter the kingdom of heaven. And even were it possible for us to enter that holy habitation, unprepared, what would it avail us? Surrounded by holiness, we could not be happy unless we were holy ourselves; no, we should be wretched indeed, without the mantle of righteousness, in the presence of an infinitely holy Being. If I must pass through the furnace of refinement, of what consequence is it, in what manner it is

done or what the temperature is? Thou knowest, Almighty Father, that while sustained by thy supporting arm, it is immaterial to me whether by pain and sorrow, trouble or sickness if thy will may be fulfilled, and my heart made acceptable it is all, it is more than I am worthy to ask; but knowing thy matchless goodness I believe it possible, and will still hope through the merits of the blessed Saviour.

8th Month, 2nd.

Oh, Father, thou seest my deficiencies and my necessities; they are invisible to man, and are greater than I can see until thou givest me to understand them. Pardon, I entreat thee, my unnumbered faults, and preserve me from future transgressions; grant that which I need, and withhold that which I need not, even though I ask for it; be pleased to guide me in the way most pleasing to thee, let it be ever so much in the cross to my own will, and with thy grace and strength I will walk therein. I acknowledge I have disobeyed, and vainly tried to offer my own reasons, for which I ask thy forgiveness, and again thank thee that thou didst fill my heart with sorrow and repentance. I did not think I was fit for any service, but thou, Lord, art able to make the meanest of clay of some use, therefore enable me even to feel the pliability of clay, and rejoice to be made any thing in thy sacred Hand, for in thee is all power, wisdom, glory and honor, now and forever.

3rd. A constant series of suffering and changes is my lot. I have been mostly very low for more than

two months past until within the last week, sometimes apparently but the breath ot life left, and I upon the brink of the grave. My heart is ready to revolt at a continuation of such indescribable sufferings.

4th. Although I cannot hold my head a moment from the pillow, with great fatigue, I can use my pencil a little, and fearing my last conveys an idea that I think myself too heavy laden, I cannot feel acquitted without saying I believe it all right and necessary for me, and probably for some others also. And if this dispensation may prove beneficial to my own soul, or the souls of others, it is more than a compensation.

A long sickness is, perhaps, more calculated than any other circumstance to prove our faith by a wearying suspense. When lying day after day, and month after month, in constant expectation of the icy hand of death, as I many times have done, not only our faith, but our resignation and patience are proved; and if inclined to peevishness, this is a nursery for it, when the mind is weak, and every nerve unstrung; and the ingrafted word of regenerating grace can alone cause these lingering days and sleepless nights to pass in quiet serenity."

To E. F.

9th Month, 5th, 1836.

"Endeared Friend;—

While all but myself are sunk in sweet repose, to no one can I willingly devote this early hour, but to

thee, my dear afflicted Eliza, who still remains to be my almost constant waking, and frequently sleeping companion.

It is not, I assure thee, for want of inclination that my pen is not often employed in addressing thee, nor for the want of the pure streams of sisterly affection; it is not for the want of a heart overflowing with sympathy · nor yet for the want of that soul-cementing love with which Jesus binds the hearts of his suffering children to each other; but a fear of the fatigue it may cause thee, not only by hearing it read, but by inducing an effort to reply when unable to do it without an increase of suffering, which I would not willingly be the means of doing; and because my own experience teaches me that my feeble language is totally incapable of assuaging the grief of a heart so pained as thine. Yet I know (and this induces me to write) that the faint expressions of sympathy, especially from a fellow-sufferer, are congenial to our feelings; and that this sympathy is reciprocal in its strongest form. I often think our situations would be intolerable without the tenderness of our numerous friends, which is next to the healing balm of divine consolation.

"See some *strange comfort* every state attend,"

was addressed to me, by one in robust health, who no doubt thought it must be strange in such seclusion and pain though he seemed sensible that the purest enjoyment was this—"The soul's calm sunshine, and the heartfelt joy."

And what can be greater, even though forbidden the common indulgences of life—fortitude's last effort tested, and the power of resignation proved to say, 'Thy will be done?

Often when looking toward thee, with aching heart, at the thought of thy afflictions, my mind is consoled by the pleasantness that appears spread over thee like the beautiful canopy of heaven. I believe sometimes when mild resignation smooths the tortured brow, it is mistaken for a dull indifference to health, and to the active scenes of life; but it is mysterious to me how it can be by those who have been taught in the school of Christ, or who are in possession of reasoning powers; either of which I should think would enable any one to know that to submit to long and severe sickness, entire helplessness, and extreme debility, is one of the hardest lessons mortals ever learned. May our united prayers be raised for such, as they are liable as ourselves to be long laid upon a bed of languishing, without this consoling reflection that they have been charitably disposed towards the sick.

I am pleased to learn that thou hast taken a deep interest in Cynthia Taggart; our sufferings are all different, yet similar, and we are in the hand of a merciful Care-taker.

Thy apprehensions that writing adds to her bodily distress as well as mine, is doubtlessly correct, yet I can bear that exertion better than any other, and can no more be still than thou canst, when it is possible to use my hands. I began this letter more than a week

ago, and have attempted perhaps twenty times to write, but repeated faintness has as many times soon compelled me to desist.

In the bonds of love, until the welcome messenger arrives:

I bid thee farewell,

C. SEELY."

12th Month, 14th, 1836.

Fain would I note the solemn impressions of my mind, produced by gratitude to the Lord of the harvest, for his adorable goodness manifested in and by a numerous circle of his dear children; but the faint expressions of my pen cannot do justice to the feelings of my heart towards those kind and benevolent friends, whose tender regard and sympathetic care have added to my enjoyment and indulgencies, and helped to prolong my wasting means of support. May those who sow temporal blessings reap spiritual ones an hundred fold! Nor for those only who favor me do I crave blessings, but for all both righteous and unrighteous.

Oh, adorable Father, help the infirmities of my nature! "The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak." My feeble efforts to serve Him whom my soul loveth above every other object, have of late been strengthened, and my soul drawn more constantly to Him in prayer, and the life of prayer. It is one thing to attempt to

pray, and another thing to have life and fervency given to our petitions which alone can bring us to the Mercy Seat, and fit us to receive the blessings we crave. But when coldness of heart, and barrenness of desire are ours, it is essential that we wait quietly but attentively, patiently but solicitously, at the threshold for the return of the Searcher of hearts, and the Replenisher of holy desires. If he finds us knocking he has promised to open to us, and if asking for the bread of life, to furnish us with it, but if we go astray, or neglect to ask, what right have we to hope to be admitted or fed?

22nd. At present I am better than usual, and for two months past my severe ill turns have been less frequent than for two years previous. A partial relief and mitigation of violent pain is to me a greater luxury than every other earthly indulgence, but no part of my disease is removed, and health is at as great a distance from me as when at the lowest ebb of life. Yes, the sweet enjoyment of health is to me forbidden fruit, no more to be tasted on earth, but if I mistake not, insured with heavenly richness in the world to come. If so, what have I to lament but the void between the present and the future, where disease shall not destroy, pains annoy, nor languor waste the time without enjoyment, or consciousness of its lapse. Were it not my duty and pleasure to endure in quiet submission the will of heaven, without choice when, or how it shall terminate, I should often indulge impatience for a release, and to be at rest.

29th. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." How much more abundantly has the promise been fulfilled to me, than His mandates have been obeyed!

A visit from our truly valued friends — — has added, I believe, to our spiritual as well as temporal enjoyments, if not, it will add to our condemnation; as all neglected favors have this tendency. Were not these generous friends under divine influence, I should think they were very ingenious to devise so many useful things for me, and yet none but that I needed. E. H. was highly favored in our sitting to see and convey the errand of the Lord. I asked to be prepared to receive both reproof and instruction, and may he never shrink from either when bidden. He came here, as Saul approached Samuel, apparently quite unconscious as to what was his main business. While infinite wisdom is working by means, and through instruments, he does not always foretel his great designs, but often leads his devoted servants blindfold into them, untrodden paths; but when their eyes are again opened, how do they glorify his sacred name, and pursue with alacrity the path marked out before them!

We have since been edified by a minister of another society, who, I believe, lies low at Jesus' feet, and to be one of the Lord's annointed. May the frequent interviews I have with people of various denominations tend to unite our hearts together, and to Him whom we all profess to serve. How, otherwise, can we meet in

that harmonious band, in the presence of the Lamb, where no division of heart, affections or sentiments, are known or felt, but perfect, unchanging love, and united praises forever flow.

1st Month, 26th, 1837.

Some of my relations have lately offered to procure a bed-chair for me, which can be raised in the form of a chair, or laid down as a bed. As this was considered the best invention I could try for sitting up, I had a hard struggle to resign the flattering prospect, until by prayer and mature consideration, a strong conviction came over my mind, that it was not best to accept the offer, as I should be increasingly unable to sit up, and a full proof of the truth of this conviction soon followed. During my severe and protracted confinement, the privilege of sitting up has been anxiously sought and coveted, and every convenient plan within my reach adopted, until its useless and injurious effects have been long and painfully felt; yet can I bear the stigma of indolence, or of indulging in an unnecessary habit of lying in bed, for want of inclination, courage, or perseverance to arise? My rebellious inclination prompts me to say that I had rather die with over-exertion, were it not for the judgment that would follow such rashness, than bear this stigma. Yet have I not tried continually during the whole of my sickness, a period of more than twelve long years, all the exercise, and in every form that my strength would admit, almost daily exceeding the bounds of prudence? The slightest favorable change in my symptoms has invariably been

improved for increased exercise, and as invariably have the efforts increased debility, pain, and disease. A conviction of error has repeatedly induced the resolution to refrain, and patiently submit to the will of the Most High, until he pleases to lighten the hand of sickness, and raise me, either in time or in eternity; and when thus submissively acquiescing, and only then, I have experienced seasons of relief, and been comparatively comfortable, though never entirely so for a whole day.

It is the common opinion of the inexperienced, that an increase of strength is always produced by continued exertion; but it is Dr. P's maxim, that we cannot use exercise without some strength to begin with; and that when the system is reduced by disease, it cannot be restored to health and strength while disease is acting upon it, and over exertion not only increases debility, but aggravates the disease.

'Oh, that my grief were thoroughly weighed, and my calamity laid in the balance together! For now it would be heavier than the sands of the sea; therefore are my words swallowed up.'

'Although affliction cometh not forth from the dust, neither doth trouble spring out of the ground; yet man is born unto trouble, as the sparks fly upward.'

'I would seek unto God, and unto God would I commit my cause: which doeth great things and unsearchable; marvellous things without number.'

'Despise not thou the chastening of the Almighty.'—*Job, 5th and 6th chap.*

5th Month, 13th.

How often is my pen employed in recording scenes of unutterable sufferings, mingled with the richest mercies of Jehovah; and yet I may truly say the one half, the hundredth part of either are not written or told."

After describing a most violent attack, by which she was apparently brought to the very brink of the grave, she continues:

"Oh, Father, help me to thank and praise thee continually, and permit me not to depart from thy sacred altar, by day nor by night! Unceasing prayer is the aspiration of the soul to its Maker, both in the closet and in public, and may continue even while the necessary care of our bodies and earthly abode require our superficial attention. Acceptable devotion will not exclude temporal duties, but if rightly attended to, they promote each other, and the heart may be sweetly swallowed up in love and adoration to the Ruler and Preserver of the universe. Oh, for more grace, more complete acquiescence in the influences of the Holy Spirit, and more self-denial to our own desires and propensities!

6th Month, 2d, 1837.

My birth-day. I have been reviewing the past, and by counting the years of my life, find they number thirty-eight, and yet I feel myself a child. As I awoke this morning, with reflections upon my birth-day, these questions involuntarily arose; and my answers must

not be to superficial, conniving mortals, but to the Judge and Searcher of hearts.

Have my advances in the path of Zion kept pace with my advances in the path of life? This can only be answered with blushing and confusion of face. I regret that a single day, lent me for a sacred use, should have been wasted or unimproved, and yet I fear there are many such blots on the page of my life's history, even since the period when regenerating grace (as I hoped) commenced its influence upon my benighted heart. When we recollect that the Lord requires the sacrifice of the whole heart, and the devotion of a whole life, how can we claim his sacred promises if we offer a divided heart, and only a part of our time, spending the rest in our own, or rather Satan's service. It is not notorious crimes alone that are offensive in the divine sight—if it were, I should be blameless, for I was never guilty of such; but for the divided heart enquiry will be made, and for the secreted spoil. "What meaneth this bleating of the sheep, and the lowing of the oxen which I hear?"

Are my feet established in His glorious path, or in the ways of sin and darkness? It is certain that we must be decidedly in one path or the other. 'We cannot serve God and Mammon;' and are assuredly laboring for or against Christ, our Saviour. I am unwilling to say I am serving the latter, and should I say I am serving the former, I may deceive myself and others. If I am permitted to be numbered with the servants of

the Most High, I know there is room to serve him more and better than I do.

Does the love of God abound in my heart, or the love of the world, and its transitory treasures and indulgences?

I humbly trust my redeemer's love reigns in my heart—the love of the world I know does not, for I am nearly, if not completely weaned from it; it merely has a passing influence, as a casual convenience to a wayfaring traveller, but has no allurements to detain me in it.

7th Month, 15th.

How mysterious are the works of Him who created the earth, and all its inhabitants! Without his power we cannot live, and without it we cannot cease to live, though life be a burden to ourselves and others. After long and unusual anxiety, the painful intelligence has been permitted to reach me, that the sufferings of my dear friends, E. Field and C. Taggart, have increased of late. When will thy chastisements, adorable Father, cease? Will thy judgments be staid before the slender elastic thread of life is severed? What have I to hope, or wherefore desire relief, if these chastened sisters still receive stripe on stripe; one of whom has endured them even longer than myself. Dearest Saviour, leave them not, but, if consistent with thy holy will, have mercy and compassion upon us all, and sustain each in proportion to our necessities. Leave us not to our own strength or choice, I beseech thee, but grant

that our wills may be sweetly swallowed up in thine; prepare us for whatever is before us, and finally receive us, oh, holy Father, into thy everlasting enclosures, through the mediation of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ.

8th Month, 13th.

Oh, for more fervency, love, and devotion; for more of the true spirit of Christ, my Redeemer, to preserve me from the concealed snares of the enemy, designed for the ruin of my soul. Open temptations awaken us at once to a sense of danger, but into the hidden small ones we gradually and unguardedly sink by imperceptible degrees.

16th. Yesterday was passed without much reflection or pious conversation, which seemed to tarnish my evening's oblation. The day was completeiy taken up with calls from strangers and others, twenty in all, nineteen of whom I saw through much fatigue, and am still suffering in consequence of it; but I do not regret the exertion, being willing to be made a spectacle for the good of others. May solemn and lasting impressons be imprinted upon the minds of the spectators of silent suffering.

I am not as weak as I have been most of the summer and with considerable exertion can turn myself in bed. My mind is calm, but I almost fear to rest, lest stupor overtake me—that dismal lethargy of soul which renders us unclean in the sight of the Holy One.

11th Month, 19th,

ROCK OF AGES.

'Rock of Ages! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee,
Let the water and the blood,
From thy side a healing flood,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath, and make me pure.

Should my tears forever flow,
Should my zeal no languor know,
This for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and thou alone;
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids closed in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown
And behold thee on thy throne,
Rock of Ages! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee!'

Yes, 'cleft for me,' I find no other hiding place from the commotions of the world—no other rest from the burdening cares of life—no security but in Christ. When I look for temporal favors to lessen, his bounteous hand augments the supply, as if to shew that all is from him. 'In my hand no price I bring,' but will he not take faith unfeigned instead? Oh, rich Sustainer, can I distrust him more, or shall I presume to choose

in what way this frail body shall be supported, or to whom burdensome, if it is in the ordering of his wisdom who cannot err in his disposal of me. Spiritual supplies are sometimes permitted to pass through human agents, and equally so is every temporal favor. May I be endued with wisdom, judgment, and discretion in the reception and consumption of that which is provided for me!

May Zion's precious borders be enlarged—the wavering mind strengthened—the broken heart bound up—the sick made whole—and the gospel of Jesus Christ promulgated to the ends of the earth. May all the kingdoms of the earth, oh, Lord, be gathered into thy glorious garner, through the redeeming love of Christ, the Rock of Ages, in whom I would hide myself, my all, for ever and ever. 'Thou must save and thou alone,' or I perish.

I know not why it is so, but the various preparations for my continuance here, necessary as I know them to be at the approach of winter, have a solemnising influence on my mind. I hope it does not arise from an unwillingness to live as long as it may be my heavenly Father's will, but a probationary state of mind in which all calculations and plans for length of days seem to be forbidden. Under these considerations I am thankful that amidst unavoidable cares and arrangements, I do daily shrink as it were into the 'clefts of the Rock of Ages;' and give a disinterested glance at these otherwise pleasing conveniencies around me. Much has been done every winter to make me comfort-

able, but I think I never have been as coveniently accommodated as now. With kind and paternal care some dear friends have brought me money to procure my winter's wood, &c., which imposes an additional weight of gratitude; but He who has promised to bear our burdens for us, has truly borne mine. He has mercifully prepared my mind for this trial of dependence, so far that I can say my day's work was done before the night came, and I have nothing to say or do, but to lay myself at the feet of Jesus."

During the night of the 20th of 12th Month, while C. S. was very ill, D. S. Roberts was taken with an unusually severe attack of quinsey, and continued for a week in a very critical situation. Being unable to speak so as to be understood, she occasionally communicated her thoughts to Catharine in writing, to allay her anxiety respecting the state of her mind. Their beds were in the same room, and it was now Catharine's turn to watch over her, to cheer her depressed spirits, and to soothe her mind by such scriptural promises as seemed applicable. The following extract is from one of D. S. R's communications.

"I have had a hard struggle to submit, but I believe the contest is nearly over, as I am enabled to feel resigned.

What an inestimable mercy that our compassionate Saviour will sustain under the most aggravated afflictions, all who put their trust in Him. I believe it is generally the case that the greater the affliction the more abundantly he dispenses his soul-sustaining pre-

sence. My requests have been answered to the utmost, and I can now adopt these lines—

'My life, if thou preservest my life,
Thy sacrifice shall be;
And death, if death must be my doom,
Shall join my soul to thee.'

"My faith is steadfastly anchored on the mercies and merits of a crucified Lord. How I pity those who have no hope in a Saviour." Catharine adds—"To know that her mind was peaceful when she could not converse with me, was indeed a mercy, and another that my strength and free respiration was restored so that I could speak for her who had so often been under the necessity of speaking for me.

As the annexed dream proved ominous of subsequent events, it is thought worthy of insertion. The impression that it was a presage of approaching dissolution remained fixed on the mind of C. S. and the recollection so clear that it afforded support under the prospect; until she realized that the dark valley was indeed illumined, and nature's dread of death (of which she had never been fully divested) was taken away. Death was disarmed of its sting and the grave of its victory. And her remains and those of her dear Deborah and beloved Aunt now repose where the presentation of the body of light appeared to rest.

A DREAM.

12th Month, 10th, 1837.

I had a dream which made a deep impression on my mind, and spread a peaceful serenity over it. I slept more that night than I had done during any night for several weeks. Although I awoke several times that did not interrupt my dream in the least, for it occupied most of the night.

Methought I was standing on elevated ground with my face towards the east, and a most brilliant and beautiful face or sun (as I thought the sun of Righteousness) stood in the firmament a little north of me. Some intervening clouds interrupted a full view of it, which I was eager to obtain; but the brightness that shone through and around broken clouds illuminated my standing with a light to which that of our natural sun would bear no comparison. The radiant beams darted forth through the immensity of space with a power and brightness too great to behold, yet my countenance was fixed upwards, and my eyes were riveted to the source of light, and I leaned towards it with my hands reaching up so earnestly that my feet scarcely touched the earth, and I seemed to be borne above every thing of a terrestrial nature. My brother Sands, who died 26 years since, I thought stood by me, talking to me, but could obtain no reply, for I was completely absorbed in the wonders and beauties before me. Every cloud soon passed away, when I had a full and transporting prospect of the magnificent body

of inexpressible light. It moved a short distance toward the east, and passed in slow and dignified progression over or around before me into the south, wooing my whole soul into joy and rapture, and a desire to depart and go with it. It rested in the south-south west, much further from me than where it first stood. Brother S. again solicited attention, and asked if I were insensible, or why I did not speak. I replied that I was perfectly sensible but that a sight of those heavenly bodies not only solemnized the mind but carried the spirit so far from earth, that no power of speech was left. He told me it was not the Sun of Righteousness that passed by, but it was an Angel, still it appeared that all this emanated from the Sun of Righteousness, as from a fountain. I asked if I was called for, and after a pause the decision was, not then, but the next time the angel passed this way he would take me with him. I spent the night in expectation of his return, and of my departure; yet I received no intelligence when he was to return, but awoke in suspense I looked down upon myself to see if I were in readiness; but oh, how unworthy I felt to be admitted into such a circle of perfect holiness; for the light shone with such complete purity that it discovered every spot, blemish, and imperfection of the human heart. Although I saw myself very inferior, and my garments, though unspotted, not so completely purified as was desirable, and knew not that they would become so; yet it did not diminish my confidence in the least that I should go with the Angel of peace and light. The

glory of the Lord filled the earth, and to perfect bliss I then felt no alloy. I had in the first of my dream been troubled with a fear that my dear Deborah and I should be separated, and thought I had suffered much delay on her account, but I said this is better than to be separated in so important a journey as lies before us. And again as I turned my thoughts to earth I felt a reluctance to the idea of leaving her and my dear Eliza behind, whose afflictions and my own were so deeply mingled, and she seemed so close by my side, that it was not until some time after I awoke that I could realize that 17 miles still separated my dear Eliza and myself.

The peculiar clearness and brightness that mantles the recollection of this dream cannot be conceived. The dark valley of death was transformed into an eminence of light. Nature's dread of the change was not then known or remembered. Celestial joys beamed upon the soul, and silent adoration filled it with unuttered praises and acclamations of Holy, Holy, Holy.

C. SEELY."

12th Month, 30th.

Enable me, Holy Father, to review with humble gratitude and adoration, thy unmerited mercies during the past year; and, if life be prolonged, to spend the approaching one to thy glory and praise, and to the benefit of thy suffering seed. May sympathy, love, and charity abound in my heart toward all the human

family; unite divided hearts; bind Christendom at large in the bonds of heavenly love, and permit the sectarian line no longer to divide us.

Oh, Lord of heaven and earth, be with all, I entreat thee, in the hour of affliction, and guide the steps of thy dependent children the world over. Permit the gospel to extend as far as breath and mortality extend; and grant, I humbly implore thee, that all who are languishing on beds of pain and disease, may enjoy the light of thy soul-sustaining presence, and share the tenderness and sympathy of those who are more favored with health and strength; and help these to appreciate their privileges, for they know not their value.

1st Month, 10th, 1838.

Most holy Father, enable us to offer thanks and praises to thy everlasting name for the many mercies mingled with our afflictions, of which we are unworthy. Thou hast prostrated, and hast raised as on eagle's wings the borne down spirit. Although, thou winnowest us as grain, give us weight and firmness to withstand the most severe tempests. Permit us not to wander from thee, but to lay at thy feet until thy holy will is completed in us."

Her Aunt Deborah Roberts departed this life on the 11th of 4th Month, 1838, in the 78th year of her age. She had long been in a feeble, delicate state of health, and about the last of 3d Month, was suddenly attacked with inflammation of the lungs, which soon reduced her to a helpless situation. Her utterance became very

difficult, yet at intervals she remarked that she believed her work was nearly finished, and she enjoyed sweet peace; soon after adding—"Oh, how many sweet hours have I passed in my Saviour's company; my communion with him has surpassed every other enjoyment; I cannot describe it—none can know but those who have experienced it." And again—"Death has no terrors, and future prospects are pleasant. It is a great comfort to me to feel the Lord's support."

Although living but a few rods distant, she and Catharine had not seen each other for the last three years, yet the latter keenly felt the bereavement, and writes as follows, respecting it:

"Her solicitude for her husband and children was great, and to the guardian care of the Almighty she committed and commended them. It is an irreparable loss to them, and I feel that it is to me also. Let us seek grace and strength to imitate every virtue of her whom we cannot recal, that we may approach her glorious residence as we draw near the end of time.

4th Month, 28th.

I beseech thee, oh, Lord, for grace and strength to obey every intimation of duty, and for a full and perfect preparation for the great and final change. In mercy supply to my dear sister-cousin, D. S. R., every void that death may make; enable her to lean on thee alone, and may thy encircling arm hold her from desponding grief. Time to me looks precarious; the tide

of life runs low—extremely low of late. May I ere long be safely landed with my dear Aunt, my beloved parents and brothers, where parting shall no more be required.

5th Month, 26th.

A season of much company and many calls, which occupies our time, and I fear attracts too much of our attention, but if so, the fault is ours, for the heart may be, ought to be, and at times is, secretly adoring, while outwardly engaged in social intercourse with those we love. None have visited us but beloved friends, and I have been favored with strength to see most of them, though the interviews have been both painful and limited.

As 'Alps on Alps arise,' so do earthly sorrows, when we indulge ourselves in looking upon the dark side of things.

When reflecting on my helpless and dependent situation, of late, particularly during many sleepless hours of the night, my own sorrows have risen to the skies, and I know not which way to look for any prospect of a diminution of trials in life. Indeed I know that I have no refuge but in my Lord and Saviour.

Some unfeeling minds censure my dear cousin, who is as a mother and sister to me, for her kindness in living with me, and endeavoring to make my situation as comfortable as possible; but the eyes which are blind to the sorrows of the afflicted, cannot see when they inflict fresh wounds. My sickness and sufferings are

a greater trial than I can describe, but my dependence on others still greater, and I need constant supplies of grace and resignation to be submissive under it.

"Dear refuge of my weary soul,
On thee when sorrows rise,
On thee when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.

To thee, I tell each rising grief,
For thou, alone, canst heal;
Thy word can bring a sweet relief,
For every pain I feel.

But oh, when gloomy doubts prevail,
I fear to call thee mine,
The springs of comfort seem to fail,
And all my hopes decline.

Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee?
Thou art my only trust,
And still my soul would cleave to thee,
Though prostrate in the dust."

6th Month, 2d, 1838.

The anniversary of my birth has again arrived, and can I raise an anthem to the Lord, worthy of acceptance, at this date? All is from him, and without his aid I can do nothing. Help me, adorable Father, to praise and thank thee for thy boundless mercies during the past year; and grant, I humbly ask, a continuance of them the remainder of my life; and sanctify the

afflictive scenes which have transpired within the year, and turn all to thy glory and honor for evermore.

14th. Were I able, and capable, what a pleasing employment it would be to enumerate the blessings and mercies I unworthily enjoy in my seclusion from assemblies for public worship. In humiliation of soul I have cried—'what shall I render to the Lord, for all his benefits?' We have received very interesting accounts of the late Yearly Meeting. Some fruit will be required from those who have had the privilege of mingling with their friends, and of hearing the sound of the gospel; nor are the absent excluded from divine favor, nor from accountability; the church being a body of which each member may be a partaker. I never felt it more so than at that time. At the hour for public worship, which we feel a duty incumbent upon us in our retired room to devote to silent worship, we settled into solemn silence, when adoration clothed my mind, and my soul was poured out to Him who melteth the heart with His love, as wax is melted before the fire. I asked that we might be permitted to gather up the crumbs that had fallen, and wonderfully was my petition answered, not only for myself, but for my dear D. S. R. who was also closely confined by ill health during the Yearly Meeting. Our privation of attending this annual assembly was fully made up, for what could we have felt or enjoyed more than the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, which was our portion here upon our beds, far from the bustle and the throng.

On hearing of the unusual number of ministers in

attendance, both belonging to this and distant Yearly Meetings, I at first felt a secret desire that the Lord would send some of his faithful servants to our remote dwelling, but I was soon enabled to divest myself of all selfish desires; for such a visit, performed in the cross, must unavoidably occasion labor of body and mind, and my feelings revolted from willingly involving any in either physical or mental sufferngs. I settled into the humble and greatful acknowledgment, enough Lord, enough, since thou art here.

After I had resigned all expectation of a visit, two women friends, (S. S. and J. K.) came. The former spoke in feeling and pathetic terms, after which the latter knelt, and in humble prostration, implored a continuance of the Lord's mercies to my soul.

I often regret that such visits give me so much fatigue that I cannot remember, or while I remember, record what is said, which is often worthy of long preservation. I reccollect that S. S. appeared to have a clear sense of the many favors I enjoy, and of my secret communion with the Father of Spirits—expressed the satisfaction she experienced in sitting by this bed of affliction, and said "it is good for me to be here." After contrasting my situation with that of the wicked, in health, she added "it is the end that crowns all;" and if I abode in this patient submission and humility, I should finally witness a redemption from all pain and sorrow, and join the angelic host in singing eternal anthems of praise for ever and ever.

After some interesting conversrtions with each of

them, I was told that two other friends, (D. K. and his wife) had arrived. I was humbled in the dust, and could only offer the repetition of simple thanks. In his communication, D. K. said emphatically—'Thou wilt be preserved even to the *end*;' which was received with humble gratitude to Him who knows what we most need.

Even while favored with present supplies, my faith has occasionally wavered with a fear that my confidence and grace might fail at last—at the great day of trial, the end."

The above date is the last one of the diary of Catharine Seely, in the possession of the Compiler, but from a letter or two, written after this period, it appears that her debility was so much increased by the extremely warm weather which ensued, that the greater part of the time before her last severe attack of illness she was disqualified for the exertion of using her pen.

In the 9th Month following, her aged uncle, Amos Roberts, in whose house she was a tenant, suddenly expired. This circumstance awakened the anxiety of her friends with regard to her future place of residence, but she meekly avoided making any arrangments for the future, until, as she said, she could see her way clear to do so.

About a week after the decease of her Father, Deborah S. Roberts was taken alarmingly ill with typhus

fever, and in a few days was removed to her own home. When the necessary preparations for her removal were finished, she requested to be laid on the bed with Catharine, and that all present should leave the room, while they took, as they believed, and as the event proved, a final leave of each other, until re-united in their Heavenly Father's kingdom of rest and peace. Having passed through many conflicts, much physical suffering, and enjoyed many seasons of spiritual communion together, solemn and affecting indeed was the parting scene.

Catharine Seely was also very ill at the time, and a few days after, a high fever (supposed to be the same disease,) set in, and soon reduced her so low that very little hope was entertained of her recovery. She lingered for four weeks, during which her mental faculties were often much impaired by the severity of her disease; and at lucid intervals, her extreme debility and sufferings prevented her from communicating her sentiments freely to those in attendance, yet she was admirably preserved in patience and resignation, and occasionally said—"I see nothing in my way; death has no terrors; my way is all clear." No additional evidence is required by those who knew her to confirm the belief that her emancipated spirit is now in the full enjoyment of the rest prepared for the righteous.

She quietly and peacefully expired on the 27th of 10th Month, 1838, aged 39 years.

At the time of Catharine Seely's decease, some of the most alarming symptoms in Deborah S. Roberts'

case assumed a more favorable aspect, which induced herself and friends to believe that there was a possibility at least, of her recovery. When informed of the death of C. S. she wept, but said, " it is not because I regret that she is at rest, but to think of the loss I sh all sustain if I should recover; I have no desire, however,to be raised up again, but that the Lord's will may be done."

Having devoted her time and strength, and sacrificed many social enjoyments for the sake of alleviating the afflictions of her suffering relative, they were bound to each other not only by the ties of consanguinity, but by those of the most tender sympathy and christian fellowship; and it may truly be said of them—" they were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided"—so short was the separation. Her mind was also much affected by the disease, yet we have abundant cause to believe that she had not deferred the preparation for eternity to a dying bed. She frequently exhorted those who visited her (who were of various religious professions) to believe and confide in a crucified Saviour, as needful to a preparatiou for " an inheritance with the saints in light." Her gentle and purified spirit was released from its tenement of clay on the 2nd of 11th Month, 1838, in the 37th year, of her age.

Agreeably to her own request, her remains were laid by the side of her beloved Catharine, in the family burying ground and we trust their spirits are united in singing the praises of Him who carried them

safely through many tribulations, and enabled them to commemorate his goodness and mercy in sustaining them in the furnace of affliction.

The following simple lines were suggested to the mind of one of Catharine Seely's afflicted friends by hearing at intervals, a few of the foregoing pages read, and may not be deemed an inappropriate finale to this little work :—

"How oft her feeble trembling hand
Hath tried to guide the quill,
While faint and weary still she strove
Her little scraps to fill.

Thinking, perhaps, the seeking mind
Might some instruction gain;
But most of all remembering those
O'erwhelmed with grief and pain.

And with astonished ear I list,
While tears bedew my cheek,
Such faith—such sufferings meekly borne
Such goodness they bespeak

And now, methinks, if lightly prized,
The loss will be our own;
She has received her recompense,
A white robe and a crown.

E. F."

SECOND MONTH, 1843.

MEMOIR

OF

DEBORAH S. ROBERTS,

LATE OF

DARIEN, CONN.

DEBORAH S. ROBERTS.

Deborah S. Roberts, the subject of the following brief notice, was born at Darien, Fairfield county, Connecticut, 2d Month, 28th, 1802, Her parents were Amos and Deborah Roberts, the latter of whom, in the meridian of life, joined the religious Society of Friends, and continued a consistent and exemplary member of Purchase Monthly Meeting the remainder of her days.

As Deborah S. Roberts possessed a sprightly, amiable disposition, superior intellectual endowments, and a heart whose natural corruptions had been subdued by the power of the Holy Spirit, and filled with heavenly love to God and man, she was respected and beloved by all who knew her worth. Yet, as no peculiar incidents marked her childhood and youth, and her devoted attachment to her afflicted cousin, Catharine Seely, has already been mentioned in the preceding Memoir, with a short sketch of her last illness, and death, little remains to be added, except such extracts from her private memoranda as are deemed most appropriate for publication.

6th Month, 3d, 1822.

This day I attended a meeting, appointed by A. A. from Providence, and likewise spent a little time with her after meeting, much to my satisfaction. May I never forget her precious communication, which was indeed like a refreshing shower to my thirsty soul; which has, at times, been almost ready to say, as she expressed to me, "My way is hid from the Lord, and my judgment passed over from my God;" but blessed forever be his adorable name, he has arisen with healing in his wings, and delivered me from the bondage of Satan, who is still lurking to devour.

1824. Glorious Redeemer, how mysterious are thy ways with finite man! Who can search the depths of thy wisdom? How is my mind led to adore Almighty goodness, not only for his tender mercies, but also for his chastisements, feeling myself unworthy of his notice; seeing I so often revolt from his commandments, and walk in my own ways. O, righteous father, forsake me not utterly.

12th Month, 15th, 1824.

I believe I can safely say that the fear of Almighty God does cover me, and that it is of his tender mercy I am still held in remembrance; for were he to deal with me according to my deserts, I should soon be cast off. I have some peculiar trials at present, unknown to others; and this is the sincere prayer of my heart:

"Correct me, oh, Lord, with judgment, not in thine anger, lest thou bring me to nothing." Oh, Thou who ordereth all things in wisdom, wilt thou permit thy guardian Angel to protect, and lead me on in safety, for of myself I can do nothing; and it is only by the assistance of thy Holy Spirit that I can think a good thought, or perform the least action acceptably in thy sight. Increase my faith, I entreat thee; and let my confidence remain steadfast in Christ, the rock that cannot be shaken; try my heart until thou hast fully proved it, and cast out all that is offensive to thee. "Let not thine hand spare, nor thine eye pity," until all is subdued that would rise up to oppose thy mighty power; then shall glory and honor be ascribed unto thee, for thou art worthy, worthy, world without end.

4th Month, 1825.

Having, for some time past, seriously considered the situation of the poor oppressed Africans, and been led to sympathize with them in their extreme sufferings, I have at length, from a persuasion of duty, declined the product of their labor. I endeavored to wait for the right time, that I might find strength to persevere in the right way, and not, like Saul, offer an unrequired sacrifice. May I so walk in every respect, as not to bring reproach on the cause I have espoused.

5th Month, 25th.

Is not the wisdom of God foolishness to the worldly-wise? Indeed it is. But is it not wisdom in us, to

choose that which will last through the countless ages of eternity, in preference to that which will vanish in a moment, and ever separate us from the holy presence of the Most High?

Although it may seem like a small thing to many, yet it is true that I would willingly offer some *great sacrifice*, instead of conforming to the impressions of duty with regard to a small change in wearing my hair. But it occurred to my mind, with convicting evidence, that "to obey is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams;" without consulting flesh and blood, I therefore made the change, and find peace of mind therein. I had endeavored to wear it as plain as I thought necessary for a young person, but I feel I must come to that state of the blessed Pattern, in which it was said, "in his humiliation his judgment was taken from him." If we would be his disciples, we must have no judgment of our own, but as the Father manifests his will, we must obey, without reasoning upon consequences. The child cannot read before it has diligently studied the first rudiments of literature, neither can I progress in the beautiful science of religion, until my faithfulness is proved by obedience in little things. How does the grand adversary of our souls lay his snares for the unwary feet of inexperienced youth? He knows if we counteract the will of Omnipotence, we sin; and as our destruction is all he seeks, it is his cunning aim to take us on the weakest side. He cares not whether it be by little or much, by a fair appearance or a vicious indulgence; if he can but allure our attention, his end is accomplished.

Oh, Thou, whose Omnipotence and Omnipresence filleth the immensity of space, condescend, I beseech thee, to guard my slippery path; favor me with a portion of thy light, and with a watchful eye, that I may escape the captivating power of this destroyer; and that I may find a refuge and safe retreat in thee. May I lay every selfish desire prostrate at thy feet, and there wait for thy command, and a renewal of strength, to go forth in the way in which thou pleasest to lead me; for thou alone canst preserve, and my only help is in the might of thy strength.

28th. What an inexhaustible source of consolation, that I have a sure and everlasting Friend, to whom I can pour forth all my sorrows and trials without reserve. Having afresh covenanted with the Father of Mercies, in strong terms, to dedicate my all to his service, is it possible that I can ever again distrust his unchangeable and everlasting kindness, which has followed me all my life long, and which still supports and animates my feeble heart.

Oh, that I could keep my garments unspotted by the world, and that my steadfastness in the faith might uniformly appear; but my poor mind is at times left to bewail, as in a desert land. How do I rebel, trample under foot, and put to open shame, the Captain of my soul's salvation; which causes blushing and confusion of face, and many painful conflicts, before I dare look again toward his holy habitation for forgiveness; indeed, were it not that his compassion never fails, I should be cast off with the heedless and ungodly multi-

tude. May all the praise be ascribed to his great eternal name!

11th Month, 4th.

Surely the Most High is no respecter of persons, neither doth he regard with partiality the dignified stations of men; his peculiar blessings are not designed for any particular nation or society; but it is the meek, the lowly contrite ones whom he chooses for his own; and these, I believe, are promiscuously scattered throughout the world. It is not the greatest professors of christianity, but those who possess the life and substance of religion, that shall be crowned with the royal diadem of his love.

7th. When my mind is traversing deep and lonely places, and meets many besetments from which nature cannot but shrink, I know of no resort for the weary traveler, which can satisfy a truly seeking soul, but "the whole prostration of self at the feet of Jesus;" and this surely remains to be a safe retreat. I believe I am willing at this time to submit to his disposal; but oh, how necessary are frequent baptisms? Were the purest springs to remain unmoved, the water would soon stagnate and become noxious; then why do I wish to rest, until a proper resting place is found. Whom have I in heaven, but Thee, or on earth, that I desire in comparison of thee? "The mountains shall skip like rams, and the little hills like lambs" before thee; and at thy presence shall Jordan be driven back;

then why shall this lump of clay, distinguished from the common earth only by the life and vigor it receives from thee, presume to stand in opposition to thy will?

27th. It has been the secret but sincere prayer of my heart this evening, to be preserved from any speculative notions, or from mere traditional religion; but may the true life and substance of holiness be my peculiar and distinguishing tenets. It is the Lord alone, that I wish to serve with full dedication of heart. Let not the fear of man prove a snare to me, since I am only accountable to Thee, the searcher of hearts, before whom I desire humbly to prostrate my feeble and unworthy self. Nothing but blushing and confusion of face belongeth unto me, and were it not for the tender mercies of a compassionate Father, my name would soon be blotted from remembrance.

5th Month, 29th, 1826.

Never did I come so near making shipwreck of my faith in the eternal Arm of power, as within a few months past; but blessed be the name of Him in whom is everlasting strength, he has mercifully renewed my confidence, and strengthened the feeble cords that were nearly severed. Oh, what immense compassion, what boundless love! He who setteth bounds to the sea, saying, "thus far, and no farther shalt thou go," knew how far to try thee, oh, my soul! Then wherefore distrust him any more? Eternal praises be ascribed unto Him whose covenant is as sure with the night as

with the day, for in the midst of my conflicts he enabled me to say, do as thou pleasest, the prerogative is thine. It is now an inexpressible satisfaction that I did not entirely cast away my confidence, or my poor soul would now have been clothed with confusion, and anguish would have seized upon me; instead of which, I can, in deep humiliation, rejoice as on the banks of deliverance.

30th. No language can describe the peculiar trials that now attend me, which are in some degree hidden, or at least the depth of them entirely concealed from human observation. I am almost ready to say, it is better that I should depart, than to stay in the midst of this perilous pilgrimage; and indeed, if it were justifiable, I should long to leave this tabernacle of clay. But all must centre in this, "not my will, but thine, be done;" which is an entire submission on our part, that leaves no room for our own desires to predominate, and cannot be truly adopted until the will of the creature is entirely subdued. I think I can in some degree adopt it at this time, and may I be favored to feel an increase of resignation with every increasing trial. What heavenly peace, what divine consolation is experienced, when arising from repeated baptisms in the bottom of Jordan! Oh, may I be washed again and again, and even purified with fire, until not only the dross and the tin, but the reprobate silver, is removed from my soul!

A heavy load of infirmities still pervades my heart; and when, oh, when will there be an entire emancipation from this bondage of sin and death, and the glori-

ous crown of liberty placed upon my head? While I have been writing, the love of Jesus has encompassed my mind, and I feel amidst all a safe retreat under the banner which he has prepared for his little depending ones. He is indeed a sure refuge in distress; "for in the time of trouble he shall hide me in his pavilion, in the secret of his tabernacle shall he hide me." Oh, that Zion's borders may be enlarged, and her cords strengthened in the everlasting love of the gospel, and that new converts may be daily added, to join in anthems of eternal praises to her sovereign Lord and King!"

As frequent mention has been made, in the preceding Memoir, of the little meeting held in Catharine Seely s room, we will select a few paragraphs from D. S. Roberts' account of its origin. She says—"After seriously weighing the subject, on the 21st of 6th Month, 1828, and the 1st day of the week, we convened at the house of Uncle Wyx Seely, and quietly sat down together in the capacity of a religious meeting for worship. It was held in the sick room of my dear cousin, C. Seely, and was the same one in which our worthy Grandmother Catharine Selleck, (the first member in this place) sat down in the same way, herself alone. At length others joined her, and finally a meeting was allowed.

I believe I can truly say, that reverent solemnity covered our minds under the consideration of the important step we had taken, and I can acknowledge with gratitude and deep humiliation that our little gathering

was a precious season, not soon to be forgotten. The great Head of the church mercifully owned us with his life-giving presence, and manifested himself by the breaking of bread. Surely of ourselves we can do nothing, but his promises remain to be yea and amen forever. "Seek and ye shall find, knock, and it shall be opened unto you;" and as we dwell under the influence of his tender love, and continue seeking with a truly submissive heart, our prayers will arise as sweet incense before Him, who will in his own time "turn the captivity of Zion, and satisfy her poor with bread."

Although tried, I am not overwhelmed, because I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that in him I live, and move, and have my being. I feel bound to him in gratitude for the many mercies with which he has vouchsafed to bless us; and see no cause for discouragement, as the Rock of our dependence remains infallible and immutable. Though all men forsake him, yet will I confidently rely upon him who has emphatically declared himself to be the only medium whereby we can have access to the Father."

In about six weeks after the foregoing occurence, D. S. Roberts had a severe attack of bilious remittent fever, from which she did not recover in several months, and indeed remained in a very delicate state of health during the remainder of her life. As soon as she was able to bear the fatigue of her journey, she went to New-York for the purpose of receiving medical attention there, and from the letters which passed between her and C. Seely, while she remained in the city, the

following extracts are taken, relative to the decease of Catharine's father.

New-York, 10th Month, 1st, 1829.

"My dear C.

On receiving thine, every feeling that can be aroused, was awakened to sympathy within me, but oh, how incapable of administering that relief to thy agitated mind which it needs under such peculiar trials, and gladly would I administer the least degree of consolation. I am now attending strictly to prescriptions that I hope will prove useful, and should be glad to continue here under my physician's care a little longer, unless something should occur to call me home. I have had five large blisters, the two last very distressing, and not well yet, so that it would be difficult to bear a journey at present, and I must acknowledge I have not gained as much as I expected by being here a month; yet if any serious change should take place, I would try to get home, for I could have no enjoyment here if thou shouldst be left more destitute than thou now art. I shall be anxious to hear from thee and thy father, but I do hope he will recover. If words could soothe the depth of thy sorrow I could fill pages, but I hope and trust thou wilt be supported through every affliction that may be permitted to attend thee. The tumult of a busy city cannot attract my attention nor erase from my heart that affection for thee which has long been permanently established.

Thy affectionate,

D. S. R.

C. S. TO D. S. R.

Darien, 10th Month, 6th, 1829.

ENDEARED SISTER:—

Did I not know thy solicitude for me in my present trials I could not write at this time. Thou hast heard that my dear, my only parent was taken from me on the 2d instant, and that I am left to mourn the irreparable loss; but sister, we mourn not without hope; not for his spirit, but for the loss of his company and paternal care. I was taken in to see him the evening preceding his death, but durst not speak as the doctor feared it would hurt him, he being in great distress, yet he put out his hand and took hold of mine. The next morning he was easier, said he was fully resigned, and felt great peace of mind. He soon after failed and passed away as if going to sleep. When I heard he was going, I felt such an assurance that it would be to happiness and that the guardian angel awaited the release of his spirit from earth, to clothe it with the holy garb, and conduct it to endless bliss, that the hour of sorrow was turned into one of unspeakable joy, gratitude, and praise to Him who had in condescending mercy thus supported one who must otherwise have sunk beneath the trial; yet the loss in my difficult situation causes deeper sorrow than any heart can fathom but thine. Thou probably wondered at what I wrote before thou went to New-York, asking if thou wouldst return if I should be so deeply tried as to lose my father in thy absence. That impression never left me, and

prevented his sickness and death from being so sudden and unexpected as it otherwise wonld have been.

Thine,

C. S.

D. S. R. TO C. S.

10th Month, 7th, 1829.

MY DEAR AFFLICTED CATHARINE:—

The solemn intelligence of thy bereavment reached me last evening, and if I attempt to express my feelings, language will prove inadequate to convey them; yet how can I remain silent, or how can I write upon a subject the very idea of which sinks my heart in sadness! All the sensibility of which I am possessed is aroused for thee, and tears of commiseration flow; but, alas, this is all the consolation I can administer to thy wounded heart, and He only who has in wisdom, seen meet to deprive thee of thy dear parent, thy greatest earthly dependence, can pour in the balsam of life and heal the wound that he has made. As onr entire reliance is on our gracious Redeemer he will not utterly forsake, but renovate and sustain the heart dissolved in sorrow.

On perusing the deeply affecting communications from thee and sister, I could not refrain from a full flow of tears, yet ming ed sensations of joy and sorrow were raisecl within me. I well know, my dear, that thy feelings cannot be portrayed, nor readily comprehended, but what a consolation that he has exchanged

the sufferings of mortality, for a glorious and never-ending state of felicity; and that thou art thus resigned, composed, and supported beyond our expectations. My anxiety to hear from thee was greater than any here were aware of, as I hardly expected thou couldst survive such an additional trial, but I believe I am truly thankful that thou art thus remembered by Him who ordereth all things aright.

Oh, my dear, sensible am I of the total insufficiency of words in such an affliction as this, but if nothing more it may evince that I still dip into the depths of thy sorrows, and feel the strongest solicitude for thee on every occasion.

My side has been better since I was bled, and I shall return as soon as it appears safe to do so, but probably not before the last of next week. I need not ask how thou feels respecting my absence, as I know it is an additional trial, but the situation of thy mind, displayed in thy letter, is more satisfactory to my feelings than I can express. Mayst thou continue to feel the supporting hand of divine Love to bear thee up and fill thy heart with joy unspeakable, and praise to Him who can make bitter things sweet, and hard things easy to the submissive mind.

I remain with the most sincere affection, thine

D. S. ROBERTS.

1st Month, 30th, 1831.

I have spent this day mostly alone, but it has not been a solitary one; I consider it a privilege sometimes

to be alone—when we can freely indulge in reflection. It enlivens the springs of internal enjoyment, strengthens the mind to maintain its wisest intentions, and above all, affords an opportunity to search our own hearts; to know our standing in the sight of Him, in whom we live and move, and have our being, to whom alone we are accountable, and whose prerogative it is to rule in our hearts, from whom all our substantial joys emanate, and to whom, only, we can flee and find safety in the time of trouble.

2d Month, 27th, 1831.

This day completes my 29th year; and on taking a retrospective view I admire, with grateful sensations, the unmerited mercies of Him, who, in infinite wisdom has sustained me through the perilous paths of youth to this period, I have felt the support of that Hand which is mighty and able to save, and can alone direct our feet in safety amid the allurements which attend the inexperienced; can support and calm the mind when trials weigh heavily upon it, and refresh the spirit when overwhelmed with grief. Who can behold, with the eye of faith, the glorious majesty of Je hovah, without feeling the greatest self-abasement, and wishing to approach his sacred footstool to humbly implore his eternal protection?

The last two and a half years of my life have mostly been spent in retirement, secluded by indisposition from the busy crowd, unable to employ my hands in domestic concerns, and my reflections much interrup-

ted by pain and distress; yet I am favored with intervals of ease in which my mind, being free from care, and released from the fetters of bodily pain, is frequently employed in useful contemplation, and the sweet enjoyment of the Divine presence. I do not attribute it to any merit of my own, but a strong mark of divine condescension, that instead of being gloomy I am most of the time favored with tranquility of mind, and the love of Emmanuel beautifies and animates the scene.

The idea of recovering is continually before me although there is no very rational ground to expect an entire restoration at present, if ever; but should my diseases assume an alarming aspect that would not depress me, as long as the vivifying power of Redeeming Grace shall enlighten my way. May I increase in diligence, and ever abide on the watch tower of Zion, that when these feeble limbs shall cease to move, and this body become an inanimate mass of clay, consigned to its native earth, that I through unmerited mercy may fully participate in those heavenly joys, of which even a foretaste, conveyed by the Holy Spirit to the soul while clothed with mortality, absorbs every faculty. Indeed there is none in heaven that I desire but Thee, nor on earth that I prefer before Thee, thou Lord of lords, and King of Kings!

I spent the four years preceding this illness in constant attendance upon the sick bed of my amiable and interesting cousin Catharine Seely, whose peculiarly destitute situation, in relation to a care-taker, ex-

treme debility, and almost unparalleled sufferings during that time, deeply touched my heart; and I was made willing by Him who permitted her to be thus afflicted, to sacrifice my time, and every external gratification, that I might by watchful care mitigate as much as possible her sufferings. And I do not remember that I omitted to do one thing in my power that I thought would be conducive to her comfort. Whether it was a voluntary act of kindness in me, or whether I was called and prepared for it is now immaterial, but never while memory aids my thoughts will those trying seasons be forgotten, which would have sunk our minds in the lowest despondency had it not been for the interposition of that Providence at whose command the raging billows cease, and the soul is quieted by the mighty anchor which he puts forth for its stability, even when the tempest rages with threatening destruction. He has prepared a quiet harbor for our retreat, where he will feed us with the dainties of his own table, will pour in the oil and wine, and make our hearts rejoice in his holy banquet of love. I do not pen this from theory, but know it by experience to be substantial truth.

4th Month, 20th, 1831.

My mind on awaking this morning felt a degree of calmness, but it is low and deeply humbled. Upon close examination a clear view of the frailty of my nature, and a sense of the vileness which still pervades my heart, is extremely abasing. Help me, oh, thou

whom my soul loveth, make me as clay in the hand of the potter, form me a vessel of honor or of dishonor according to thy pleasure, only fit me for thy use, and keep me clean for thy service. I feel no capacity to move one step without thy propelling power to drive, or thy adorable love to lead and guide me, which is remarkably vouchsafed. All that I have is of Thee, and poor as I am I have no cause to distrust thy goodness; but there remains, I trust, a grain of living faith that will not suffer me to despair. Great fear arrests my mind, yet it is godly fear, and though tried I am not dejected, for "his banner over me is love." My pen fails to unfold my feelings, which assuredly are low, and brought to a waiting state, but how hard to keep in true patience, to walk by faith and not by sight. I am too imaginary, and find nothing harder than to repress wandering thoughts and wait upon the Lord; but it is possible, and will be rewarded with the richest blessings.

E. F. TO D. S. R.

"Though distant from mine thy lot has been cast,
Thy kindness, dear girl, my affection hath won;
With the sick and the lonely as years thou hast passed,
More than the Samaritan did, thou hast done;
Then let me oft have, e'en though far apart,
A sigh of remembrance warm from thy heart.

But rob not that cousin who claims every tear;
Each kind fellow-feeling which now fills thy breast;
And whom, as thyself, thou hast proved to be dear,
By sharing the woes which so long have oppressed.
Thou hast sacrificed much, thy reward now is peace,
And life everlasting when sorrow shall cease.

The friendship that budded in life's early spring,
And scattered profusely its blossoms around,
Was unmoved by the brush of Adversity's wing,
And with a rich blessing already is crowned;
A happy assurance that friendship and love,
By virtue cemented will flourish above.

That affection which binds you so closely on earth,
I am firmly persuaded that death cannot sever,
For though it has had in this region its birth,
'Tis destined my friends to endear you forever;
And may I too believe, when our trials are o'er,
I shall join you in bliss on eternity's shore."

How long will it be necessary for me to be taught in the school of affliction? Self-denial has become familiar to me, as my diseases demand the strictest temperance in every respect; and a very trifling indulgence in food has often caused me inexpressible distress. This is a true emblem of my spiritual life, which has equally suffered for want of strict attention to diet, seeing that which may be consistent and wholesome for some, is injurious to me, and not suited to my weak state. I have learned to deny myself almost every indulgence, and may I no longer wish to feed on that which only nourishes disease, but be content with the manna that may be daily gathered, and the pure water that flows from the eternal rock. Although I sometimes crave flesh, I will remember that when the Israelites murmured for meat, it was sent, but a dreadful judgment followed, even while they partook of it; and endeavor to centre in this, "Not my will, but thine, be done;"

"feed me with food convenient for me," indulge me in no request which is not pleasing in thy sight, even if in an unwary moment I should solicit the gratification.

21st. A midnight gloom shades every earthly prospect, but in the same proportion celestial objects appear in all their dignified grandeur; and though my spirit is clothed with sackcloth and ashes, and a fast is appointed me, the love of Emmanuel is not hidden from my sight. I desire to wait on the Lord forever, and am inclined to believe that my faith does increase, and my eye is more singly fixed on Him. Although He lead me through the lonely valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for "his rod and his staff shall comfort me."

7th Month, 14th, 1831.

I still find myself not sufficiently guarded on every side; my mind is naturally active and gay, and needs continual restrictions. I find nothing more difficult than to maintain a uniform stability of mind: cheerfulness I consider essential to our happiness, and the effect of a well-cultivated disposition; but levity soon exhausts its own strength, and leaves a sort of dejection, which is an evidence that the mind is not under the preserving influence of Divine Grace, that would reduce to a proper equilibrium, and without destroying its liveliness or vigor, permit an innocent cheerfulness to flow and diffuse its benign influence to all around.

How often are my best resolutions frustrated, for want of watchfulness, without which they are entirely ineffectual. Oh, for more constancy, more stability of

soul, an entire prostration of self, and ceasing from my own imaginations, and quietly waiting for the precious word of life to arise, into dominion in my heart.

1st Month, 21st, 1832.

I have not a sufficient degree of health either to be comfortable, or to employ my hands in any kind of business, and am under the necessity of keeping my bed the greater part of the time; yet an occasional walk across my room, or when at the best, in the yard or garden, are indulgences for which I am probably as thankful as I once was for a comfortable state of health. The vanities and luxuries of life I never sought, and ill health has long deprived me of its usual gratifications; but religion, vital, soul-sustaining religion, I have desired, and still pursue; whose gentle voice can soothe the most discontented feelings; and instead of being dull and dreary, her presence is altogether animating, and capable of bestowing the highest degree of enjoyment, and of quieting the mind under aggravated perplexities.

"It is religion that can give
The sweetest solace while we live;
It is religion can supply
The truest comfort when we die."

24th. How often do I find that mercy, never-failing mercy is inseparably interwoven with the judgments of redeeming love! Could fasting from earthly food atone for misspent time, I would willingly attend to frequent fastings; but it is the spirit which quickeneth and giveth

life to the soul, and for want of patiently abiding under its benign influence, how often do I swerve from the narrow path which alone leads to immortal life. But a penitent and truly abased mind does find forgiveness, though often only obtained by close searchings and deep provings; by repeated baptisms of the Holy Ghost and of fire, is the soul purified, and no other way can it be separated from the vile nature with which it is connected. Much dross still remains in me, and too much lassitude predominates; yet the wrestling angel has not departed, neither can I let him go, until he bless me. A Saviour, or I die; a Redeemer, or I utterly perish! If I may but just touch the hem of thy garment, unobserved by the busy multitude, thy healing virtue will prove effectual.

26th. Although feeble, and but just sensible that the fire of divine love is not extinguished, I feel renewed cravings after that bread which can alone satisfy the immortal soul. Oh, Thou who presides a valiant Captain over thy chosen armies, teach me more complete subjection; give me a discerning eye to see at all times the exact pointings of thy finger, and endue me with strength to perform all thy commands. But I am too often unwarily allured from "my Beloved, who is assuredly the chiefest among ten thousand, and altogether lovely;" the diadem of all my joys, my unfailing friend, my all, whose I am, and whom I ever wish to serve with implicit obedience.

7th Month, 5th.

What am I but a worm, or this body but a lump of dust, designed for a vehicle of the soul, until by obedience and constant adherence to the will of the Creator it is sanctified and fitted for a glorious inheritance, and rises to enjoy the full fruition of bliss, leaving the clay tenement to mingle with its native dust.

1st Month, 23d, 1832.

Within the last three months I have accomplished a long anticipated visit to my affectionate Aunt, P. C. who is now no more. The seven weeks I spent at her house I believe were profitably passed; returned by the way of Norwalk, where I staid two weeks at my brother's; and after spending five with my dear afflicted C. S., I am now seated under my father's roof, with more comfortable health than I have mostly enjoyed for the last three and a half years. As my strength has increased but little, I am still dependent upon others; but a precious mother is still spared me, and a dear sister takes many steps on my account, and I cannot but hope I shall yet be in a capacity to return some equivalent for their kindness. But my gratitude is first due to the Dispenser of every good, who has blessed me far, far beyond my deserts, and whose love is all that makes life tolerable to me. In my present situation, amidst pains and privations, the transient gratifications of time are not, cannot be relished. It is no merit of my own that I possess so little taste for fleeting pleasures, which deceive while they allure, but to the mercy that has re-

fined my taste for more exalted joys, by shewing me the glory and splendor of immortal scenes, and I am completely enamoured with those substantial excellences. The glory of this world, which was never very fascinating to my mind, continues to lessen with increasing years, and I have no doubt but that deep trials have been profitable to me.

2d Month, 19th.

This has been a restless day, and I think my mind comparable to the needle of the compass, whose strongest attraction is to the north, yet the least motion is capable of unsettling its stability; so my heart is constantly attracted toward the Most High, yet lacking that "wisdom and knowledge which are the stability of our ways, and the strength of our salvation." I am not so firmly anchored upon the immovable foundation but that the little attractions of earth too often disturb the serenity which I would gladly enjoy.

3d Month, 26th.

Like many of the past, this day has been spent alone in my chamber, retired from the bustle of the busy crowd; but from the haunts of painful disease I cannot escape. Nature may feel it hard, and shrink from the continued sufferings and privations dispensed, yet still will I acquiesce in all that thy unerring wisdom, thou most gracious Protector, shall strew before me, or permit to fall in my way, only continue to lead me with thy own right hand, and keep my soul thy treasure; then will I bless and praise thee with all my remaining

strength, for surely my heart shall not cleave to any thing that can detach it from thee. Hast thou not tried and proved that I desire thee, more than any earthly treasure—that I would not forsake thee for the most enticing allurements? Yes, thou only knowest the depth of baptisms into which thou hast plunged me, even to the bottom of Jordan, whence these living memorials were brought up. So long as I am bound in the fetters of mortality, a warfare against the flesh must be maintained; but oh, Lord, let me never forget thy marvellous dealings, fraught with such tender mercies, towards so unworthy, so inconstant, so frail a worm as I am. The ties of nature are strong, notwithstanding pain is interwoven with every nerve and fibre; but the cord of divine love which binds the soul to God, and his devoted children to each other, is infinitely stronger. This is the bond of union that I desire, above all others, should be strengthened, and I often long for the time to arrive when nature shall cease to retard and alloy, that I may enjoy it in its own purity. It is not indifference to my friends that causes me to wish for that happier clime; for it is one of my greatest joys to see them participate in all my happiness. Misanthropy has never seared, with her baneful influence, the tender springs of my heart, which continually rise to mingle in true, unlimited love and friendship. I have been taught by the Universal Parent of mankind, to love every member of the human family, to commiserate the afflicted, and to discard envy and hatred from my bosom. I know not an individual for whom I could

not perform the meanest office, if it would be conducive to his eternal happiness. Oh, that I might praise the Lord with one unbroken anthem, who is chiefest among ten thousand, and deigns, amidst the greatest trials, to dispense the healing balsam to re-animate the soul, which he fills with joys unknown before, while the body languishes, and the natural life becomes burdensome.

Nothing but experience can make us fully understand the mortifications which are inseparably connected with a long continued state of ill health; and to avoid a train of these unpleasant feelings, I prefer my lonely chamber a great part of the time, to the cheering society of my much loved friends. The necessity of lying in bed, at least half the time, is a mortification to me, not in the power of language to describe; and nothing but submission to the divine will renders it even tolerable to endure.

11th Month, 24th.

It is two weeks to-day, since I left King street, in which neighborhood I was enabled, through great exertion in my feeble state of health, to perform a long anticipated visit, that added greatly to the enjoyment of my mind, though the poor body endured an increase of suffering in consequence of the journey, which it had been hoped would prove beneficial. Although my hopes often flatter me beyond the reality, I cannot say I was greatly disappointed in this, as I endeavor to hope for the best, and prepare for the worst. I do not imagine that my health has sustained any material

injury by the journey, only a loss that may be regained by quietly resting under my dear paternal roof.

What a favor that I have been permitted to visit my highly esteemed and affectionately beloved friend, E. G., which, as I expected, has proved to be the last, she having since bade adieu to earth, to enjoy the fruition of that glorious rest, which she often tenderly but powerfully entreated her fellow-pilgrims to press after. By her death, a valuable pillar has been removed from the church—a pillar that cannot be supplied, but by an Omnipotent Hand. May the Lord prepare such as he chooses, without their being marred by obstinacy or human skill. "Thy people shall be a willing people in the day of thy power;" and may we individually bow with reverence at thy holy footstool, and not murmur at thy rod. Although we feel much stripped by the removal of this mother in Israel, can we be so selfish as to wish to retain her from the embrace of angels, and her God, who has no doubt prepared an honorable mansion for her in his paradise above? May this bereavement prove a fresh incitement to watch over my own heart, and to look still more continually to Him on whom alone I can lean with safety. He who guided her steps, and stayed her feet upon the immutable rock, can sustain this feeble worm, only animated by his life.

12th Month, 12th.

My health is considerably improved, for which I am truly thankful; and may I devote all my blessings to Him who dispenses them, and be watchful, that I forget

not the dependent state, from which I am favored gradually to rise.

14th. I have for some time felt such a total annihilation of all good, and so benumbed to devotional exercises, that I do fear I have, through inattention, wandered from the blessed guiding star. But this satisfaction remains, that He on whom my life depends, can penetrate the depth of my sorrow—can understand what is beyond my expression. I am almost ready to say, with the Israelites, Why was I brought so far, to die in the wilderness? But vile as my poor heart is, and apparently deserted amidst dangers of more than ordinary extent, I cannot let go my faith in Him who has all power, in heaven and in earth. No, "though he slay me, yet will I trust in him." I feel as if life was nearly extinct, but an occasional pang, of which my heart is still sensible, is an evidence that some sensibility remains, if not active life. May my whole heart bow in continual submission, and may I reverently wait for thy holy life to arise in thy own time, thou Protector, Preserver, and Author of my existence.

9th Month, 21st, 1834.

Many are the conflicts of those who follow a crucified Lord; and if we partake not of his sufferings, we cannot participate in his glory. Subdue, I humbly entreat thee, every selfish desire, and blind my eyes more and more to all the seducing charms that earth can spread before me; for I am wholly thine, and thee only will I serve. Oh, thou only adored One! cause my

heart to be on the continual watch, lest the enemy enter unwarily, and lay desolate thy frail, but sincerely devoted follower. And not for myself alone do I entreat thy guardianship, but for the whole human family would I prostrate my soul to intercede with thee. Look with tender compassion upon the workmanship of thy hand; draw them to a closer communion with thee, if consistent with thy holy will. Thou knowest that my life is devoted to thee, and to thy service shall it be cheerfully dedicated, only give me ability, and a clear discernment of thy will. Let no baptisms be deemed too deep, or trials too fiery, until all is renewed in thy life. How can I find language to express my love and gratitude to my glorious Benefactor, my eternal Refuge! Glory, honor, thanksgiving, and everlasting hallelujahs shall be ascribed unto Thee, thou King of Saints. "Thou art beautiful as Tirza, comely as Jerusalem, clear as the sun, fair as the moon, and terrible as an army with banners."

3d Month, 17th, 1835.

For many reasons, I have of late omitted writing for my own exclusive perusal; but having now passed through a sore conflict, I think best to put a sketch of it on paper.

In our silent retirement, in the middle of the week, I felt some necessity of bending on my knees in vocal supplication. I had long thought I felt submission to a call of this kind; but fearing to approach the sacred altar of Jehovah without sufficient authority, without an evidence beyond all doubt, I remained silent, im-

ploring divine aid and clear discernment. For some time previous, my mind had been unusually emptied of every thing but an entire dependence upon the Most High. From that time, the feeling of necessity to yield to the impression, continued, but my emptiness and poverty increased until 7th day evening, when, being alone with my dear C. S. and my sister, my mind became deeply impressed with the requisition to offer a few petitions audibly. I said within myself, it cannot be required now; but was immediately silenced with these words, "To obey is better than sacrifice;" and then the greatest conflict of mind that I ever experienced, ensued. In the deepest self-abasement I prostrated myself, and after a time of silence, I stammered out a prayer for more strength, a plain path, and divine wisdom to clothe us. This afforded some relief. I felt that the dreadful woe which was impending, if I did not comply with that call, was removed. I knew the work was prepared; even the words were formed and numbered for me; yet my whole frame trembled with fear. My dear C. S. expressed that she felt an evidence of the Divine presence, which a little animated my drooping mind; but I earnestly sought more strength from my dear Lord, and notwithstanding the depth of the baptism, did feel all centred in Him: in which state my mind continued until the next 5th day, when in our little sitting for devotion, I humbly resigned my all into His hand, whose I am, and whom I desire devoutly to serve. My very soul felt a sure anchor, and a certainty that I was then beyond the

power of the enemy, not by any might or attainment of my own, but by the free, condescending mercy of Jehovah. After a time of silent waiting, I began to feel that I should again be called upon to open my mouth, and begged for more strength and more submision, which, in unutterable mercy, was granted, but not until my bodily strength was overcome. I was favored with more composure, when I again bowed myself and uttered a few feeble petitions, greatly to the relief of my mind. Joy began to beam upon my tried spirit, and in a few hours a pure stream from the divine fountain filled my heart, beyond what I had ever witnessed, and of which words can convey no idea. Indeed I saw a polished path prepared before me, and my feet shod so that I could not slide from it, so long as my entire dependence remained rightly placed. Such rich enjoyment I never before experienced, and can truly say with the Psalmist, "Thou wilt shew me the path of life; in thy presence is fulness of joy, and at thy right hand are rivers of pleasure forever more." What adorable condescension, what inestimable love, mercy and wisdom is with Him who is Lord of Lords, and King of Kings, thus to visit so poor, so frail a worm as I am! Let untiring perseverance keep me constantly watchful, lest I wander from thy holy presence. I thought I loved thee before; but now all is swallowed up in thee, and such an anthem of praise never before had power to ascend from my heart. Thou hast raised my soul from the very gates of death; my faith is renewed, my strength is increased, and the heart devoted

to thee can enjoy what no other can conceive. All praises, all honor be ascribed unto thee, thou King of Saints. I feel my soul wholly anchored on thee, and may I never cease praising thee; for I am forever and ever thine.

6th Month, 14th.

Having retired to my lodging room, a spot ever desirable for devout contemplation, I am led to take a retrospect of this day, and to retrace many preceding ones that are fled forever; but the events of each must have a lasting influence, when time to me shall have ceased. Since last penning my private exercises, I have been tossed by complicated besetments, into which *error* has plunged me; and when shall I be extricated from this embarrassment? But praises to Him who has permitted an occasional ray to beam in undiminished lustre upon me, which has afresh animated my soul. Nothing bears any comparison to my love for so great, so worthy, so glorious an object as my adorable Redeemer. My conflicts this day have been deep, and nothing but an entire prostration of soul, at the Master's feet, will do for me; and there let me abide, until the day of my death.

"Sacrifice and offerings thou dost not desire; but a broken heart and a contrite spirit thou wilt not despise." Oh, thou who scannest the very recesses of the soul, give me ability, for thou alone can bestow it; give me strength, give me wisdom to look to thee continually, that I may never again involve myself in such a dilemma. ("Omitting to say a little by way of ministry, when a stranger was present at their little meeting.")

Oh, bring me up from the washing pool, clean and renewed in thy power!

28th. Oh, that I were as in days that are past, when the love of my Redeemer lighted my way, and when I felt an assurance that I was acceptable and pleasing in his sight; but now my path is darkened, my way is hedged up, my beloved hath withdrawn his presence, and I am left to mourn as an owl in the desert—not only alone, bnt as a transgressor. Is there no mercy, no redemption for my poor disconsolate soul? A darkness, even to be felt, pervades my heart. I will weep before my God, I will humble myself in dust and ashes before him. Oh, thou eternal Jehovah, in thy mercy and on thy merits will I rest my soul, and I do believe thou wilt hear my cry. I thank thee that thou hast preserved a gleam of faith in my heart. Oh, keep me in perfect patience, until thou shalt be pleased to disperse the clouds, and reflect thy beauty and thy glory afresh upon me, my dear Redeemer, Mediator, and Intercessor, who hast trod the thorny path, the straight and narrow way cast up for mortals, suffered the ignominy of Calvary, and bowed thy holy head for worms like me, that we, through faithful obedience, and a firm belief in thy mercy and sacrifice, may partake of thy glory, and when mortality shall cease, possess immortal life. What scope for exalted contemplation do these subjects offer!—may they be the theme of my whole life!

10th Month, 8th, 1837.

"I charge you, oh, ye daughters of Jerusalem, by the roes, and by the hinds of the field, that ye stir not up,

nor awake my love, till he please." Though thou hide thy face in thick darkness, I will not despair of thy mercies; for thou art the living source of forbearance and compassion. I will wait upon thee, I will pour out my soul before thee, in continued prayer, and in thy own time thou wilt awake, and restore departed joys, which have been profusely showered upon me in days that are past, but in infinite wisdom for a season withheld. May it please thee, in thy matchless condescension, to sustain and preserve me from the delusive wiles of an unwearied adversary. My trust, my eternal refuge is in thy guardian care. Endow me, if consistent with thy will, with more meekness, strength, humility and watchfulness, that thy whole will may be done in me, and I be transformed into thy heavenly spirit, and as one ready and waiting at thy feet; for surely "thy people will be willing in the day of thy power."

Although I feel as one traversing a lonely desert, there is occasionally found a spring of living water to refresh the soul, which is at times faint, and ready to famish; but the Shepherd knows all the wants of his dependent ones, and will not suffer any to die of hunger who trust in him, and attend faithfully to his commands. I will still trust and adore him.

5th Month, 4th, 1838.

It is three weeks this day since I took a farewell look of my precious mother's earthly form. How heart-rending to resign her to the cold and cheerless grave; but I do not, I dare not repine. No, my gracious Lord,

thou hadst a right thus to bereave me ot my greatest earthly joy. Thou hast unbounded skill, thou canst sever the tenderest cords of our hearts, and yet sustain by thy love. Were it not for thy matchless compassion, my heart would now sink with anguish Oh, my beloved mother, what voice can sound in my ear equal to thine? But it is silenced, it is forever paralyzed in death. Nothing can fill the void thou hast left. The solemnity of death pervades all surrounding objects, and echoes through the dread silence in every apartment. Thy room is desolate; all about me appears clad in mourning; my eyes are become a fountain of tears, my bosom swells with grief; but my endeared mother, I only mourn my irreparable loss, not thy glorious change; nor would I recall thee from that joy unspeakable and full of glory, were it in my power. No, my precious mother, I could not wish thee again on earth, to mingle in the vicissitudes of mortality. Thy happy spirit may now joy in the Lord, and rejoice in the God of thy salvation, unalloyed by human conflicts; yes, thou mayst adore, thou mayst sing the anthems of eternal praise; and whilst I am thus resigning thy purified spirit to Him who is my and thy greatest joy, I imagine a sweeter countenance than ever rested on mortal face, fixed upon me with holy rapture. O, how beautiful are thy smiles of maternal affection! how glorious thy apparel, for thy Saviour hath adorned thee. He hath lighted thy countenance with a brightness which can only emanate from his glory. Let it be imagination, or as it appears to me, reality, that thy ap-

probation is resting on my submission; it cheers, it alleviates my grief; but my adorable Saviour is to be exalted over all. He indeed pours in the oil and the wine, to soothe my bleeding heart. His smiles are life and peace. My soul is bowed in adoration for his condescending mercy to so poor a worm as I. Let my constant concern be, to live so devoted to Him, that when these active limbs are also consigned to the embrace of death, my spirit may with thee, my mother, be welcomed home to God, and with thee, join that great multitude who have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.

It appears from the foregoing extracts, that, notwithstanding the dedication of D. S. Roberts, sackcloth and mourning were frequently the covering of her spirit; yet such was the habitual animation and cheerfulness of her disposition, that she rarely "appeared unto men to fast." In consequence of the rather abrupt termination of her diary, about a year previous to her decease, the predominant frame of her mind cannot now be ascertained; neither is it of much importance, seeing we have a well-grounded hope that she has been permitted to join the heavenly host, in ascribing "Blessing, and honor, and glory, and power, unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb, forever and ever."

"The spirit and the bride say, come. And let him that heareth, say, come. And let him that is a-thirst come: and whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."

The following stanzas, by E. F., are inserted at the request of the friends of the deceased:

ON THE DEATH OF CATHARINE SEELY.

"Beloved, but lost companion of my sorrows here,
As thy blest spirit from on high looks down,
It seems to whisper, 'Mourner do not fear,
There is laid up for thee an everlasting crown.

"'And not for thee alone, but those who trust
In that unchanging, all-sufficient Power,
Whose ways, though hidden, are forever just,
And who sustained me through each trying hour.

"'Weep not for me! my spirit rests on high,
Though the cold earth now wraps my wasted form;
Oh, wipe the tear that trickles from thine eye,
I do not heed the raging of the storm.

"'Weep not for me! I'm happier by far
Than hundreds who have pitied my sad lot;
No pain, no sorrow, now my joys can mar,
Here sighs and groans are evermore forgot.

"'Weep not for me! nor think of my past fate,
Though we the thorny path so long have trod;
'Tis those who come through tribulations great,
Who are assembled round the throne of God.'

"Then may like patience to the end be given;
Then may my final close be peace like thine;
That I may meet thee pure and chaste in heaven,
Where all thy joy and glory shall be mine."

11th Month, 1838.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF DEBORAH S. ROBERTS.

"When He, who saw thy labors here were done,
Those acts of love and kindness to thy friend,
Whose lingering race of sorrow now is run,
And thou no more her sick couch could attend;

"Supreme in wisdom, quickly cut the thread,
The tender thread which held thee weeping here,
Laid thee beside thy cousin's lowly bed,
And on thy cheek soon dried the last sad tear.

"He can, he will, reward thy generous heart,
And every anxious wish he will repay;
Will bind thee closely, never more to part
From her thou loved since childhood's earliest day.

"Together now celestial joys to share,
No more to grieve, no more to be oppressed;
For lo! the wicked cease from troubling there,
And there the weary find eternal rest.
Soon may I reach those realms of bliss above,
And dwell with you in everlasting love!"

11*th Month*, 1838.

TO THE MEMORY OF C. S. AND D. S. R.

"In sickness and sorrow while languishing here,
My heart is still bound to those lost friends so dear,
Who left those they loved, and oft soothed in their woe,
For the mansions of bliss, where tears never flow.

"Oh, had I the wings of an Eagle, I'd fly
Thus far, far away through the azure-arched sky,
In that bright world together sweet peace to obtain,
And the cup of fruition, unmingled with pain.

"Ah, yes! my dear sisters, forever with you
Would I dwell, bidding all earthly treasures adieu,
If only a glance of that joy could be mine,
And the glory which round you unceasing doth shine.

"But oh, may I patiently wait for the day,
Though weary, and wasted, and fainting I lay;
And to me may the same guiding star still be given,
To lead and direct me thus safely to heaven."

10*th Month*, 4*th*, 1843.

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Seely
Memoirs of Catharine Seely, and Deborah S. Roberts

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